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SCIENTIFIC MISCELLANY.

The remarkable discovery has been made by two German chemists that the life principle is capable of producing chemical effect upon salts of silver. They report that living organic cells readily reduce solutions of silver, but the action ceases when dead cells are substituted for the living ones.

Insects are endowed with much greater muscular energy, in proportion to their size, than other animals. Had a man of six feet muscular power proportioned to that of a flea, he could leap more than three hundred feet, and lift a weight of ten thousand pounds. A species of beetle supports five hundred times its own weight; and another has been discovered which is stated, on good authority, to have gnawed a hole of an inch in diameter in the side of an iron canister by the power of its jaws.

It has lately been noticed that liquors kept in colorless bottles exposed to the light soon acquire a disagreeable taste, while those contained in brown or green bottles remain unchanged even if placed in direct sunlight. The effect is due to the chemical action of light, and liquids liable to similar change should be preserved in red, orange, yellow or green bottles—these colors excluding the chemical rays.

Observers of the sun believe that the maximum of sun-spots in the "eleven-year period" will be reached during the present year, although M. Duponchel thinks it may be delayed until 1890 or 1892 on account of planetary influences.

The use of gas as fuel is suggested as a means of freeing London from the intolerable smoke with which it is now afflicted. It is thought to be not altogether improbable that, with the general adoption of electricity as a source of light and the employment of gas for heating purposes, the dream of a smokeless London may be realized at no very distant period.

By the adoption of preventive measures to guard against expected epidemics in certain English towns, Mr. Edwin Chadwick estimates that three-fourths of a million lives and three million cases of sickness have been saved. This seems a somewhat startling statement, but the figures are the result of statistical comparisons, and are probably correct.

Dr. Von Fritsch, of Halle, maintains that the cause of earthquakes must exist near the earth's surface, and does not reach a greater depth than ten or fourteen miles. They must be produced, he believes by the increase and decrease of volume of rocks under the influence of chemical and physical forces, and by concussions due to the opening of fissures in the rocks.

In 1850 the Hoang-Ho River, of China, emptied into the Yellow Sea; now this mouth is dry, and the river has a new channel opening to the Gulf of Pechele, nearly 300 miles north of its former outlet, and the stream turned aside from its old bed at a distance of more than 300 miles from the coast. This is the last of many changes, back and forth, recorded by the Chinese during the past 3000 years. The changes began in floods caused by rain in the distant Kuenlun Mountains.

Nature's fiat that soon or late all men must die, fails to satisfy a vast number of discontented human creatures who hasten the execution of the stern decree by prematurely cutting short their own existence. Dr. Morselli, of Turin, has given some curious and interesting facts and statistics concerning suicides, from which it appears that the victims of self-destruction are rapidly becoming more numerous in nearly all civilized countries. In France for instance, during the quarter-century from 1827 to 1852 the annual number of suicides gradually increased from forty-eight to nearly eighty-three per million of inhabitants, and the number in later years is stated to be 150 per million. The causes which lead to suicides are of course various—climate, religion and family relations being conditions which exert a marked influence. Dr. Moreslli finds that during the change from cold to heat in spring suicides are more numerous than at other seasons. Very curiously, suicides are more frequent everywhere during the first third of any month than in the second, and during the second third than in the last. Protestants are far more inclined to self-destruction than Catholics; men than women; unmarried, than married; the young, than the old. Suicides are most frequent among brain workers,—such as professional men; soldiers ranking next. Drowning and hanging are most often the means employed by suicides.

Among the results of a journey across the Sahara, Dr. Oscar Lenz reports that no depression below sea-level could be found. The schemes entertained for flooding the desert with water from the sea are therefore hopeless and misleading.

Miss Braddon knew what she was about when she made her heroine elope with the groom. Possibly for the reason that a fine man on a fine horse is acknowledged to be one of the handsomest sights in the world, grooms seem to offer a peculiar attraction to their employers wives and daughters. Two months ago the wife of an affluent English gentleman—she herself being a lady of fortune—eloped with a good looking groom when her husband was out shooting with her brother, and they are now in Canada; and this month a young lady who was spending Christmas at Davenport met at Plymouth railway station, by appointment, her father's coachman, and they went off together. Their disappearance was not known till the next day, and by that time they were on their way to the Cape in the mail steamer Pretoria. What makes the matter worse is that the man leaves behind him a wife and family. The less young ladies come into communication with handsome, well-equipped stable servants the better.—*N. Y. Sun.*

A piano leg factory at Westfield, Mass., in which most of the work is done by apprentices at low wages, has for months been guarded by detectives against incendiarism. It is charged by the owners that lots were cast among the members of a trade union to determine who should set fire to the building, and that the men on whom the task fell have made several attempts to perform it.

COMPANIONS.

Smile farewell to Sorrow,
Give to Joy good morrow,
And charge him to continue
The quiet reign within you

Smile farewell to Gladness,
Take the hand of Sadness,
And wistfully beseech her
To be your tender teacher.

So shall both befriend you,
And to the grave attend you,
There Sorrow from you sever,
Joy go with you ever.
—*Banner of Light*

BIBBS.

There was no doubt about it: John Weare was perfectly wretched that night. He had quarreled with Jennie Bell, and he wasn't going to make up. The fact was she gave herself too many airs, and he didn't mean to stand it any longer. He didn't care if she was pretty; there was no reason why she should let half a dozen fellows at a time hang about the shop, or stroll in one at a time, and lean on her elbows, chatter and smirk and smile over the counter, cadets and officers too, wild young fellows, who only did so for their own idle amusement, and would no more dream of marrying her than they would of inviting her to a ball that was to be next month. To be sure, he was only a common calvary soldier, but then he had been in the service a good many years now, had an excellent character, a good trade at his back, his father had died not long since, and there was a cottage all ready for Jennie to walk into, and they might settle down at once if she would only be sensible. Jennie acted as shop woman for her sister, Mrs. Evans. A very poor little shop it was, very small and badly stocked, for Mrs. Evans had only managed to get a few pounds worth of things with what had been subscribed for her at the garrison after the fever had carried off her husband. The speculation answered pretty well at first, for many of the officers' wives, knowing what an industrious women Mrs. Evans was, made a point of buying their tapes and cotton and sticks of sealing wax of her. Then Jennie's pretty face was seen behind the counter, and the shop was filled from morning until night, with officers and frisky young cadets, and the original customer took flight—though Mrs. Evans did not know it, believing the business was safe in the keeping of Jennie, worked hard at the dressmaking (she had three children to support, and the shop alone would not do it.)

The officers were not profitable customers, for they only went to flirt with Jennie under the excuse of buying a penny-paper, or perhaps asking for a time table.

Jennie made the most trim and pretty and obliging of shop women, and the place itself was always a pattern of neatness; but the officers' wives did not care to go and buy thread where they were evidently interrupting a flirtation, and so the business continued to fall off, and Mrs. Evans began to get quite unhappy about it. Jennie—pretty, kind hearted, thoughtless Jennie—had no idea that she had anything to do with it, or she would have sent every one of her admirers off at a pace that would have astonished them. She had been only too delighted, after her brother-in-law died, to come from Devonshire and live with her sister at Woolwich—not only because she was very fond of her sister, but also because she had wished many times to see John Weare again. She had made his acquaintance when her brother and he—for they had been in the same regiment—were stationed at Plymouth, and she had paid them a flying visit with her father. John had told her that he was tired of the service and wished to settle down, and she inwardly thought that he could do no better than to ask her to settle with him. He had been very attentive when she came to Woolwich, and gradually established himself on the footing as a lover, till he found the shop always filled with the officers and cadets. At first he was shy of appearing before his superiors, then he got jealous and at last angry, for he felt and knew that they meant her no good, and besides it was doing real injury to the business of the shop. At last he spoke his mind and told the coquettish Jennie what he thought, and was snubbed for his pains.

"If you think I don't know how to take care of myself, Mr. Weare, you are very much mistaken, and I don't want any one to tell me what's right or wrong. I know for myself."

"Well, Miss Jennie, I don't mean to give offense. I only told you what I thought."

"Then you might have kept your thoughts to yourself," she said, with a little toss of her pretty head—"unless they had been nice ones," she added. He heard the aside, and picked up his courage.

"It's awfully hard, too, when one that cares really can't get near you," he replied. Just then Jennie caught sight of Captain McGee, a tall and handsome man, with long whiskers and a red nose, coming in the direction of the shop, with a big bunch of flowers in his hand. She had heard John Weare's last words, but she was secretly of the opinion that "he ought to have come up to the scratch before," so she thought that a little jealousy might do him good.

"Oh here comes Captain McGee," she said in a delightful tone.

"Well, he's just the biggest blackleg in the service, Jennie, and if you take my advice you'll send him off sharp."

"I believe you are jealous, Mr. Weare, and telling stories about the captain; he is always very polite to me," and she smoothed her pretty hair and arranged the trifles on the counter.

"Oh, he's polite enough, no doubt."

"And he's bringing me some flowers."

"Now, look here, Jennie, are you going to take them?"

"Of course I am."

"Well, then, good-bye."

"Good-bye," she laughed. Of course she knew he wouldn't go.

"Jennie, he'll be in directly, and I shall be off, but you must choose between him and me. If you are going to keep on talking to him, I shall never come in the place again, so which is it to be?"

"The captain."

"But I am not joking; I'll never see you again."

"No more am I joking, so good-bye."

"Good-bye"—and he went.

II.

He kept resolutely away for a whole month—never once went near the place. If Jennie wanted him she might send for him or get her sister to invite him to tea, as she had done before. But John Weare was not sent for, neither was he invited to tea, and his spirits began to wax low.

"If she cared for me she'd have got in my way somehow before this—trust a woman," he thought.

The idea of not being cared for was not cheerful. That night he strolled carelessly by the shop, but on the opposite side of the way. Nothing was to be seen of Jennie. He walked on in a brown study, then crossed over, and went deliberately by the shop, with only one eye, however, turned in its direction, but not a sign of Jennie. He went back to the barracks in a dejected frame of mind.

"It's an awful pity—such a nice girl; and there's the cottage all ready for her to step into, and me ready to retire from the service, and a good trade at my back; it's too bad, all owing to that Captain McGee, too. And the fruit in the garden (of the cottage) all ripe, and no one to pick it."

The very next morning John Weare walked deliberately into the shop and asked for a penny newspaper, and had the felicity of being served by Mrs. Evans.

"Quite a stranger, Mr. Weare," she said; but that was the only remark she made, and for the life of him he could not screw up his courage to ask for her sister.

That night John Weare was miserable.

"She can't care a rush for me," he thought, and marched all over the town, and nearly to Greenwich and back in his excitement.

The next day was a lucky one for John. He came across Bibbs. Bibbs was Mrs. Evans' eldest boy. No one knew what his real name was, or why he was called Bibbs; but he was never called anything else.

"Bibbs," said John Weare, "come and have some fruit," and he carried him off in triumph to the cottage and stuffed him with gooseberries until he couldn't move, and with black currants till his mouth was as black as a crow. Then he carried him inside and stood him on the table and sat down before him.

"Bibbs, how old are you?"

He thought it better to begin the conversation with a question.

"Five and a half. Is that your sword up there?"

"Yes. Who gave you those bronze shoes, Bibbs?"

Now he knew Jennie had given them to him, but he so wanted to hear her name.

"Auntie. She's going away soon," he added. "Let me look at your sword now?"

"Where is she going?" he asked, with a sick feeling at his heart.

"She's ill, I think, and she's always crying now; one day she was crying over her silver thing you gave her, and kissing it like anything."

The "silver thing" was a little heart of about the size of a shilling, which he had bought at Charlton Fair last October, and timidly requested her to accept.

John Weare jumped up and showed Bibbs his sword, and carried him on his back all over the place, and entreated him to have more black currants in his delight. But Bibbs declined.

"Aunt Jennie's going to bring me some from Eltham to-night," he said.

So Jennie was going to Eltham, was she? John Weare took Bibbs home, and on his way presented him with a white wooly lamb that moved on wheels and squeaked, and a monkey that went up a stick in being gently pushed.

"Crying over her silver thing," said John Weare. "I'll go and hang about the Eltham road till I see her and beg her pardon."

And he went, and Jennie met him, and pouted and declared she hadn't once thought of him, and then broke down and cried. And John begged her pardon, and declared that he had been a heartless brute; and then Jennie contradicted him and said it was all her fault, and told him how Mrs. Dunlob, the colonel's wife, had one day walked in and told her, in the kindest possible manner, that she was spoiling her sister's business, for the ladies who had been interested in her welfare kept away because of Jennie's flirting propensities, which filled up the shop with idle officers, who were always in the way; and how she had been so ashamed and wretched, and so cut up at the desertion of John Weare, that she had intended to go back to Devonshire.

"But you won't now?" he said, as they leaned over the stile leading to the Eltham fields. "You'll get ready at once, and we'll be married as soon as possible, before the fruit in the garden is spoilt?"

It took a long time to talk her into it (about three-quarters of an hour), but then she was very happy at heart, and chattered like a young magpie, and told John how she had snubbed Captain McGee, and had thrown all his flowers out of the window.

"And it really was all through that dear Bibbs that you waylaid me to-night?" she asked.

"Certainly."

"Why, but for him, I might never have seen you again?"

"Perhaps not."

"I'll give Bibbs a regular hug when I get home," she thought. And she did; and the day before she was married she bought him a rocking horse, which he delights in to this day.

How much faster girls grow up than boys! It is quite amusing in watching children to notice this development. Take a party of boys and girls to the country, and see how naturally they will fall into pairs. The miss of fourteen will smile upon the lad of the same age, and the same pursuits will charm them both. He will instruct her in the mysteries of baseball; she will teach him croquet; he, perhaps, has a turn for natural history and will so far overcome her scruples as to leave the pinning of butterflies safely in her hands, while she is brim full of poetry and sentiment and lures him under the apple trees to listen to the poetic effusions of the last school idol; but wait a couple of years, and how will it be then? The boy will still be a lad, awkward, shy, blushing, trembling before his divinity, while she will have grown into the "woman," and have visions of balls and theatres, and adorers whose ideal merits are not in the smallest degree compatible with the juvenile devotion of her early companion. Such is life, however, and both are learning their lesson, if they did but know it.

Playing upon the violin is claimed to cure nervousness. The longevity of musicians has been estimated or averaged, and places the performers on the violin in the lead, sixty-seven years. Pianists come next at an average of sixty-five years; composers, sixty-four; performers on the cornet, flute, and clarionet at sixty-three and the lives of singers average sixty-six years.

A Sunday school teacher in New York asked her class the question: "What did Simon say?" "Thumbs up!" said a little girl.

TIRESOME INSECTS.

A CHARACTERISTIC DISCOURSE BY THE PHILOSOPHER OF THE NEW YORK TIMES.

The most tiresome insect in existence is probably the ant, although that exasperating pattern of all the virtues is closely rivaled by the coral insect. Ever since the time of King Solomon, and probably from a still earlier period, solemn and wearisome moralists have urged their fellow-beings to go to the ant, and learn industry, business habits, ancient and modern languages, and the use of the globes from that wretched little insect. By implication we have all been assured that we are far inferior by nature to the ant, and that we can never become valuable citizens unless we imitate ants. After a few thousand years this sort of thing has become painfully tiresome.

Undoubtedly the ant has its virtues; but after all it is an immensely overrated insect. It works industriously, but it also works unnecessarily, and in circumstances which proves that it lacks good judgment. It keeps cows, or insects to that effect, and supplies itself with pure currant-bush country milk; but unless it is every man's duty to keep his own cow, of what value is the example of the ant in this respect? Sir John Lubbock assures us that the ants have a religion, and that they worship a black beetle. Surely, no worse example could be set before Christian people than is afforded by the gross paganism of the ants. So weary has the public become of being unceremoniously sent to the ant that there is now a growing disposition to refuse to have anything to do with ants, and to regard them as little better than crawling nuisances.

The coral insect has also been upheld as a model of industry, and boys who have shown a tendency to shirk their studies have been required to take notice that the coral insect can build an entire island by working at it for a few million years, and that this thrilling fact ought to make boys willing to study a particularly hard lesson for at least three or four thousand years before they become discouraged and inform their teachers that the lesson is too hard. The coral insect has also been lugged into literature and sermons to an extent that is simply maddening, and that creates a thirst for blood in the man who reads for the ten thousandth time of the infinitesimal mason of the Pacific reefs.

Moreover, the coral insect has lent his assistance to overthrow Usher's chronology, and is continually appealed to by geologists who wish to prove that it must have taken seven millions of years for the coral insects of Florida to build a reef over the remains of an India rubber boot or other undoubted relic of primeval man. On the whole, the coral insect, if probably less tiresome than the ant, is more injurious to the peace of mind and happiness of mankind.

Efforts have been made from time to time by designing moralists to elevate the bee to a level with the coral insect and the ant. Dr. Watts admiringly asks: "how doth the little busy bee?" and expects his readers to answer in terms of high commendation of that insect; while naturalists are never tired of telling us that the hexagonal cell of the bee is a marvel of mechanical skill. They never seem to notice that the bee is utterly incapable of inventing even the simplest hive, and has to depend upon man both for hives and for the introduction of honey into the market. As for Dr. Watts, if a bee had only stung him on his venerable nose, he would have had an entirely different opinion of what is probably one of the most vicious, violent and objectionable insects ever patronized by mistaken and tedious moralists.

Whatever obligations we may owe to Mr. Charles Darwin as an ingenious and entertaining naturalist, he has forfeited them all by his late attempt to provide us with a new pattern of perfection in the shape of the earth-worm. He has written a whole volume in praise of that hitherto despised animal. According to Mr. Darwin, the earth-worm is far more industrious and intelligent than the ant, the coral insect and the bee; and henceforth the moralists will constantly be sending us to the earth-worm.

It appears that the earth-worm, who bores his way through the ground by swallowing the earth in his path, was the original inventor of the system of propelling vessels by pumping in water at the bow and pumping it out again at the stern. The amount of work done by the worms in excavating the earth is enormous, but their favorite occupation is burying ruined cities. It has always been a mystery how the remains of Roman and Grecian cities have been buried seemingly without attracting the attention of man. Mr. Darwin shows that the earth-worm has been the sexton of archæology. When the worms find a large stone, a fallen column, or an abandoned iron pot lying in a field, they proceed to undermine it by digging away the earth underneath it, while at the same time they bring immense quantities of earth to the surface and deposit it near the edge of the object to be buried. As a consequence, the object sinks slowly into the ground, and is covered by the earth brought to the surface by the worms, so that after a time it totally disappears. This is the way in which the ruins of antiquity have been buried, and although the process of burying is such a slow one that we do not notice it, our houses are at this moment being buried by the earth worms.

It can be easily foreseen that the earth worm, combining, as he does, the pestilent industry of the ant with the fondness for burying things and forming new strata, characteristics of the coral insect, will become more tiresome than either of the latter, and that Mr. Darwin, as his inventor, will earn the lasting disapprobation of mankind.

A. H. Cooley, of Hartford, was lucky. The other day, after leaving the bank, he lost $290 in bills through a hole in his pocket. Mr. Cooley was very busy for the next few hours. He retraced his steps, and every half hour or so some friend would hand him $60 or $70 which had just been found. From four men he recovered $280, one giving him $60, two others $70 each, and a third $80. Strangely enough he found the remaining $10 in a gutter.

A wife who often stormed at her husband was sitting at breakfast with him when suddenly amid loud coughing, "Dear me!" she exclaimed, "a bit of pepper has got into my windpipe!" "Hurricane pipe, you mean, my dear," coolly remarked her sarcastic spouse.

[From the New York Tribune.]

CARCASSONNE.

Sermons which most stir the blood do not always come from pulpits. There is, for example, a sad old ditty which we all know, by that scampish Nadaud, which teaches the lesson of human life as sharply as you will probably find it in any sermon preached this morning. A peasant, "double bent with age," sits at his cottage door looking across the blue mountains at the spires of the city to which he planned to go when a boy, but which, in all his eighty years, he has never saved money enough to reach. His neighbors, his son, and his son's son, all have traveled beyond it, but he never has seen Carcassonne. "Could I," he cries, "but there two days have spent, I gladly would have died, content that I had seen fair Carcassonne!" Out of pity they take him on the journey, but half-way the old man dies upon the road. He never looks on Carcassonne. "Each of us," adds the poet, "has his Carcassonne;" which is true and bitter enough.

A practical man, however, would console us by saying that if the old man had reached the city of his dreams, the dim glittering spires would have proved to be only painted wood and tin, above dirty streets, ugly sights and worse smells, and he would have been very glad to go home to his hut on the hills. Carcassonnes usually do turn out in that way in France and elsewhere. Some young lad, for instance, glowing with the love of beauty, chivalry, genial feeling, coveting finer thoughts and expressions of thought than he finds in his poor home or in the dull shop, looks longingly up to some social elevation which he can never reach. If he did reach it, he would find there reduplicated the very same men and women that he had left below; the same aims, affections, envies, appetites and virtues.

Or, when the humble disciple sits at last at the feet of the great poets or philosophers whom he has revered in print so long, in all probability he listens to the flattest of gossip; their wit and wisdom are kept for their books; they are nervous, irritable, jealous. He has a glimpse of the muddy streets, he smells the bad odors. Or, perhaps the young man's eyes are fixed upon the glittering spires of fame, for himself? He reaches them presently, not by trickery or advertisement, but by high endeavor and work which deserves to be immortal. What is this fame worth to him when he has grasped it? He grumbles at being pestered for his autograph, or stared at in a crowd; he is enraged to hear his finest thoughts garbled and chewed into fragments and rolled like savory morsels under the tongues of an ignorant public; his rarest enjoyment is to leave the mob behind and to hide alone with Nature and his friend.

Or, it is the golden glitter of money that tempts and mocks him? Yet when he has acquired the millions he finds that his most genuine pleasure comes from pride in his boy or faith in some old friend, or the love of some woman or baby; all of which money did not buy for him. Perhaps it is political ambition which opens a road before him on which to climb to the summit of his hopes? If he can reach it, it will be to find the sacred secrets of his home ripped open to the eyes of the staring crowd, his past life, however honest and pure, made black with slander, and himself the victim of hungry office-seekers, and it may be of the assassin. To young people who are planing their journey to some city set upon a hill, this discouragement no doubt sounds but feeble croaking. Let them keep their city in sight, and go to it if they can. It is a miserable, meagre life that has no Carcassonne! But they will find, after all is over and done, that the solid comforts, the real pleasures of life, came to them if at all on the road, after each day's work, in hurried snatches, piecemeal; not massed in any ecstatic rapture at the gaol.

Another point. Many good folk are so convinced that all earthly Carcassonnes will turn out, when conquered, to be little more than dirty streets and ugly sights and sounds (probably from their failure in reaching the one they strove for) that they set down the whole of this life as a mistake, a vale of tears, a conglomeration of misery, failure and injustice; and they have much to say of the life to come. Upon the unknown heights of the future they think they see a city not made with hands, where at least their individual wrongs shall be righted, and where they shall have a better chance than they have been able to lay hold of here. They have usually very vague ideas as to what that chance will consist of; to many poor tired souls it doubtless seems nothing better than to be able to stop working and to rest; and to many a loving heart it is only the surety of finding again in another country one long-lost face, of hearing again a voice so dear that it would make a home of the regions of death itself.

In all ages and in every race men have put their trust in that world to come to recompense them for the shortcomings of this. "I will look up unto the hills," cries the Hebrew King, and the New Yorker of to-day, when the burden grows too heavy to bear. God grant that no man may be disappointed when he enters that invisible Carcassonne. Yet, if Holy Writ speaks truth, "the Kingdom of God is within you." If we do not keep honesty and justice in our hearts here, and order our actions by them in our brief life in the United States, we are not likely to mount into any exalted region of honesty and justice immediately after death. If our chief enjoyment here is fierce bigotry or petty gossip about the people near us, we shall not be apt to breathe freely in an atmosphere of pure love. It is in that City, not here, that as we have measured unto others it shall be measured to us again.

The Baptist pastors of Chicago have declared themselves against professional revivalists of the usual kind, and for the following reasons: "They cultivate a distracted, one-sided religious life. They give undue prominence to noisy and public efforts for saving souls. They produce the impression that religion is largely a matter of feeling. They savor too much of the burlesque and of buffoonery. They lower the dignity of the most solemn subject which can engage men's attention. They put a premium upon ignorant and crude presentations of Gospel truth. They insult the intelligence of the age by making the unlearned and the unwise its religious teachers."

Lost and found: A German astronomer has found a new planet. Anybody who misses any of his planets should make a note of this.—*Texas Siftings.*

WOMEN AND DOGS.

Pet dogs, according to the statement of a weekly oracle of feminine fashion, are no longer as much in favor as they once were. So far, however, as the ordinary observer can judge, the time is yet remote when they will entirely disappear before the rivalry of small children disguised as Parisian dolls. There is indeed a change in the canine taste of the period. Small pugs and toy terriers are less in vogue than they once were. Otter-hounds and turnspits are growing in popularity, and the uglier the brute the more he is petted. Colleys, Newfoundlands, and retrievers are well thought of; but the particular idol of the hour is a hound, said to be of Afghan origin, which the late Lord Beaconsfield much admired, and which may be regarded as the symbol of militant patriotism. To possess a dog of this description is the ambition of most of the ladies who are affected to the Conservative party. He is a noble animal; but it is not very safe for strangers to approach him. He is usually called Lion—the name, as you are informed satirically, hinting at the fact that the soul of the king of beasts, which was once the emblem of British courage and vigor, has passed into the body of an Asiatic hound. That a lady may be known from the dog she worships is as true as that a man may be judged of from the society he keeps. Women of a masterful turn of mind, who are in the habit of managing their own affairs and being their own lawyers, habitually rejoice in the companionship of a quadruped which is about the size of a full-grown bear. They would as soon think of letting a day pass without giving this shaggy pet his constitutional, as without the morning interview with their coachman or their cook. In some cases he carries a bell round his neck; the lady has a whistle in one hand and a whip in the other. This modern Diana stands nearly six feet in her high-heeled shoes. She is well known in the neighborhood in which she lives, and twice a day she exhibits her independence of others, and her supremacy over the little world which she has made her own, by taking the colossal cur for a run, by coercing him into silence one moment, only to encourage him to make the air hideous with his barking the next. He is the visible sign and embodiment of feminine authority, and no one but a dictator in petticoats could consort with him. His mistress has a hearty contempt for the smaller brutes which feebler women occasionally prize. Who, she asks, but a poor down-trodden creature, the slave of her husband, her children or her servants, could take the slightest interest in the wee cowering quadruped, which has not self-assertion enough to resent the stranger's approach. On the other hand, little women with strong wills and great pertinacity are often devoted to huge hounds, upon the same principle that liliputian nursemaids admire towering privates in the Guards. Frequently, however, they go to the other extreme, and evince a fond partiality for the most diminutive species of Maltese terrier. They admit that their pet is not fair to see, and that its conduct is not uniformly excellent, but it has a history, and as the small adventuress tells you this she gives you a look which is intended to pique your curiosity. Pug dogs have been from time immemorial the favorites of spinsters and of matrons possessing snug little fortunes of their own. There is something in the gouty, asthmatic presence of these creatures which is typical of wealth and comfort; and it will be found in the great majority of instances that they are owned either by particularly well-to-do old maids, or else by married ladies who pride themselves on their position, and on the correctness with which everything about them is turned out.—*London World.*

THE PANAMA CANAL QUESTION.—Brother Jonathan was exceedingly polite at the Yorktown Centenary in ordering that the British flag should be saluted. But he draws a very distinct line of demarcation between sentiment and business. Paying a compliment to the British flag where it symbolizes no authority is one thing; allowing the British flag to float where it is significant of any power is quite another thing. Hence, with regard to the Panama Canal enterprise, Mr. Secretary Blaine had, as long ago as last June, addressed a note to the European powers generally (but with an especial eye to England,) saying, as Mr. Gladstone said to Austria, "Hands off!" Mr. Blaine is quite happy that the canal should be made by the skill, enterprise and money of Europeans, but he will not suffer it to be controlled by the nations of Europe, jointly or severally. This determination would, of course, be natural enough if the territory through which the canal is to be cut belonged to the United States—that is, the republic usually called the United States. But it belongs to quite another United States—the United States of Colombia. In 1846 the big and the little United States jointly agreed to guarantee the neutrality of the Isthmus. Colombia would like to modify the agreement, and admit the European powers to a share in the guarantee, but her gigantic republican sister is resolved to hold her to her original bargain, and will suffer no one to interfere. There is nothing new in all this. It is the Monroe doctrine put into a practical shape, and this doctrine means "America for the Americans." As, with the exception of Canada, over which England still retains a feeble hold, European governments have been dispossessed of the American Continents North and South, the Monroe Doctrine is in a flourishing condition. After all, the matter is of little real importance. If the canal is made, the nation with most ships will use it most; and should we ever have the ill-luck again to be involved in war with our brother across the Atlantic, the canal would fall into the hands of those who were best able to hold it, treaties or no treaties notwithstanding.—*London Graphic.*

A law office noted for graduating successful politicians has at last been closed at Ashtabula, Ohio. It was opened in 1821 by Joshua R. Giddings, and among the subsequent partners in the firm were Benjamin F. Wade and R. P. Ranney. There were only seven partners altogether, yet they furnished one Vice-President of the United States, one United States Senator, one Congressman, one Judge of the Ohio Supreme Court, one Consul General to Canada, two Ohio Common Pleas Judges, one member of the Ohio Constitutional Convention, two State Senators two State Representatives, three Prosecuting Attorneys, one Probate Judge, one Provost Marshal, and a number of local officers.

WESTERN COURTING.

HOW SWEET IT WAS.

He and she sat close together
O, O! how sweet it was! -
One cold night of wintry weather
O, O! how sweet it was!
Up the chimney roared the fire,
And he drew his chair still nigher,
With a glance of fond desire—
O, O! how sweet it was!

She was winsome in her beauty
O, O! how sweet it was! -
And he blushed in modest duty
O, O! how sweet it was!
With a timid sort of haste,
And a beating heart, he placed
One long arm around her waist
O, O! how sweet it was!
—*Burlington Hawk-eye.*

HOW SAD IT WAS

Softly crept the old man nigh
O, O! how mad he was!
Anger flashing in his eye—
O, O! how mad he was!
Slowly drawing back one foot,
He elevated that galoot
Up the chimney 'mongst the soot
O, O! how mad he was!

Then oh! how that girl did sigh
O, O! how sad she was!—
Declared vehemently she'd die.
O, O! how sad she was!
Then she tenderly was led
By her mamma up to bed,
Where hot tears alone she shed
O, O! how sad she was!
—*Hartford Courant*

A BOSTON MAN AT A YUCATAN BALL.

The same dazzling array of beautiful, jewel-bedecked *mestiza* girls beamed upon us this evening as at the first dance, and soon all my friends were busy filling their books for the dances. There was no prescribed style of dress for the men; some wore their shirts outside, fluttering in the evening air; some wore them inside, and some of the more aristocratic even wore coats, but all wore their hats. Unobserved in a corner, I was watching the strange costumes, when the sharp eye of the General espied me, from his chair of state beneath his own portrait, draped in Mexican colors.

"Hi, Senor Federico, why are you not dancing?"

"Senor General, I don't know how."

"Yes you do: you've got to dance, anyway."

With that he approached me, and when I tried to dart through the crowd, caught and led me sternly back.

"Here," beckoning to a lovely girl, "Come, my darling, and dance with *el senor estrangero.*"

The girl came and stood in front of me, smiling.

"That is my niece, the prettiest girl in the room and the best dancer in the canton. Take her, now, and the Lord help you."

Then I explained that I never danced: that a lame duck in a ten-acre lot could waltz all around me. It was of no use. He repeated:

"There's my niece; look at her!"

True enough, there she was, waiting for me to take her out. Oh, she was a handsome girl, with regular features and shapely shoulders, and hung all around with gold ornaments.

Now, that girl couldn't understand a word of my language, but she must have seen that I didn't want to dance with her. But when the music struck up she merely smiled and said

"*Vamonos!*"

Vamonos is "come along!" but I wouldn't go. I commenced to explain

"Senorita, yo no se this kind of a dance, you know; it's all Greek to me; a Virginia reel, now, or a sailor's hornpipe for instance, but this———"

I never finished that sentence, for she advanced with fire in her eye, and seized me about the waist and said, in a decided manner, "*Vamonos!*" and I *vamonosed.*

Well, that young lady sailed all about me like a swan. While I hopped up and down, stepped on her skirt, and trod on her toes, she remained as serene as a Summer sky, pulled me this way and that, whirled me round and round till I was giddy, and ended by flinging me into a seat, while the whole audience, who had remained thunderstruck with awe and amazement at my war dance, burst out with loud cries of "*Viva el Americano!*" —*Boston Herald.*

BILL JONES'S CATAPULT.—Our fellow citizen, Bill Jones—so called—was one among the large crowd that attended the Coup circus a few weeks ago in this city. The feature that attracted Mr. Jones's attention more than anything else was the wonderful catapult—the flying machine—and the daring Lu Lu. The catapult is a wonderful machine, and is so constructed that, by the agency of a large number of rubber cords, it will throw a man a great ways in the air, giving him several evolutions before alighting. This trick excited the imitativeness of Mr. Jones, and he told Johnny Doe and Dick Roe in confidence, that he could fix up a machine that would fling him as far as the catapult did Lu Lu, and a small wager was put up to stimulate Jones in the undertaking.

Now be it known, Mr. Jones is the man who has been run over by a freight train, and a 2.40 trotter in full tilt knocked him within an acre of the further bank of the dark river, and the hard side of a brick on another occasion came near taking the half of his head off, yet, being unbaffled, he built a catapult of his own devising. The machine was easily constructed, being made of two good-sized hickory saplings, bent down and cut off about fifteen feet from the earth. Across these a plank was fastened, upon which the would-be Lu Lu was to lay himself. At about the distance he imagined he would fall a large lot of loose hay was placed, so as to make the descent easy.

Everything being put in circus-like order, Johnny Doe and Dick Roe and the boys in the neighborhood were notified to be on hand. The catapult was sprung by means of a windlass and a strong rope. "Now," said Jones, putting himself in position in a way that would have excited the envy of Lu Lu, the original, "when I say ready cut the cord and turn it loose." Everything was arranged and the command given. Dick clipped the cord, and Jones went up as if he had been shot from a 200-pound gun, and Johnny Doe says he went up as high as the weather-cock on the court house steeple. He passed forty feet beyond the hay pile, and fell in close proximity to a big stump. The only injury received by Mr. Jones was five broken ribs, nose dislocated, knocked breathless, and one arm a little out of socket. His physicians say he will recover.—*Griffin (Ga.) Sun.*

Bits of history: Some people will never get through asking foolish questions. A New York paper asks: "Was Grant surprised at Shiloh?" We don't know how it was at Shiloh, but Grant was very much surprised at Chicago. He was more than surprised. He was shocked.—*Texas Siftings.*

A REMARKABLE WILL.

The following strange story comes from Machias. When Clarissa B. Foster left her deaf and dumb brother, Horatia N. Foster, $7,000, she signified that upon his death his five brothers should divide the $7,000 among them. This Horatio decided not to do, and on March 3, 1880, eleven days before his death, at the age of 76, he made a will of his own. Not only was he a deaf mute, but he suffered from paralysis of the right arm and leg. He was a man of fine physique, six feet tall, with a head indicative of intellect. Ideas were communicated to him by pantomime and words. By long practice he had learned to read many words upon the lips, by watching intently the lips and face of the party talking to him. In response he used imitative signs and partially pronounced a few words. Most of his language was pantomimic. For instance "a week," the motion of prayer (one Sunday or praying day); "a year," the imitation of reaping; "wife," the arm in a position to be taken by a woman and a kiss; "money," the circular shape of a dollar on the palm: to distinguish silver money he touched his white cuff, collar or shirt. His skill in farming, to plan and work, was far above the average. In mechanical work he was a genius.

At the making of his will six witnesses, including his brother Andrew, Dr. Johnson, of East Machias, and Dr. Hunter, of Machias, were present. A copy of his sister's will, from whom he inherited his property of $7,000, and a package of bonds, used as a symbol of the property, were laid on the table. Pointing to the will and the bonds, Dr. Johnson made an imitation of writing, and with a questioning look asked if he should write the will. Horatio had learned by long practice to read upon the lips many words. He nodded assent. Then Dr. Johnson imitated death, pointed to the old will, the bonds, the blank paper, saying in words: "When you are dead and buried, what do you want done with all your money?" The words "when," "dead," "buried," "what," "all" and "money" Horatio could without doubt read from the lips. He replied, moving his lips to say "baby," his sign for his brother Jacob, pointing to the door out of which he had gone and described a half circle on top on his head, his sign for his brother's wife who wore a braid in that manner, pointing to the door, out of which she had just gone and making a cutting motion across his arm to indicate division into equal parts.

Then a young lady, who readily communicated with him, repeated Dr. Johnson's question. He replied as before, omitting the pointing to the doors. Then she placed the photographs of his heirs before him, repeating the same question with words and signs. He immediately selected the photographs of his brother and wife, with the sign of division. Dr. Johnson again asked him. He took the two photographs, placed them apart from the others, with the sign of division. His bearing was thoughtful, serious and intelligent, his eyes keenly fixed on the lips of the party communicating with him. The will was then written by Dr. Johnson, read to the company, explained to the mute by signs previously used and to this he nodded his head. He was then asked to make his mark, when he took up the pen and, to the surprise of all, signed a capital H. The will was contested by some of the brothers and last week they lost their case, the Court sustaining the will.—*Bangor Whig.*

A YANKEE MAIDEN'S STRATAGEM.

The death of Mrs. Rebecca Yates, at Scituate, Mass., recently, recalls the strategic action of herself and sister in sending a British frigate about its business. The story is given below.

In 1812 the borders of Massachusetts Bay were looked after by a number of British cruisers. Inhabitants of the fishing villages were forced to band themselves in a sort of military fashion and repel by arms attacks made upon their chicken coops. The maritime enemy had their hearts set on poultry, which was natural, considering their long and forced subsistence upon tough salt meats. To thwart them was to excite their anger and malice, and not unfrequently, failing to get the chickens, they resorted to harsh measures in retaliation. In the spring of the year named a British frigate ran into Scituate harbor, set fire to some vessels and seized others, and threatened, if resistance was offered, to bombard the town. When the frigate departed citizens of Scituate banded themselves into a home guard and fortified Crow Point with a brass cannon. The British took the hint and stopped away, and gradually, as the alarm subsided, the home guard went about its farming.

September came. One pleasant evening of that month Miss Bates, then a maiden of 18, sat sewing. Her sister Abigail, 14 years old, and her mother sat with her. Captain Simeon Bates, the father, likewise keeper of the lighthouse, was away, and the home guard were scattered all about. Mrs. Bates had just said to Rebecca that it was time to put the kettle on. The maiden rose and went into the kitchen. Glancing through the window as she passed she saw a British frigate close at hand and about lowering her boats. In her own narrative of the occurrence Miss Bates says she knew the ship at a glance was the La Hogue, and she called out to her sister:

"O, Lord! the old La Hogue is off here again! Here are their barges a-coming, and they'll burn up our vessels just as they did afore."

Two vessels lay at the wharf laden with flour, and Miss Bates in her narrative says: "We could not afford to lose that in those times, when the embargo made it so hard to live we had to bile pumpkins all day to get sweetening for sugar." Her quick mind decided to repel the enemy by a stratagem. The musical instruments of the home guard were stored in the house. She could play four tunes on the fife, and her sister Abigail coald beat the drum in an exceedingly wild manner. "Yankee Doodle" was their masterpiece.

The idea thus conceived was quickly put through. Rebecca and Abigail, with the drum and fife, ran down behind the cedar wood, and in a moment the quiet September evening was startled by the most remarkable martial outburst that ever was heard.

"I looked," says Mrs. Bates, "and I could see the men in the barges resting on their oars and listening. Then I saw a flag flying from the masthead of the ship, recalling them. My sister began to make a speech, and I said: 'Don't make me laugh, for I can't pucker my mouth.' When the men in the barges saw the flag they went about so quick that one fell overboard, and they picked him up by the back of his neck and hauled him in."

A quarter of an hour later the La Hogue sailed away, the strains of Yankee Doodle pursuing her.

West Virginia has a reckless bigamist in Dr. Love, a dentist, who makes a round of the principal towns every year, remaining from a week to two months in each. He grows sentimental while working in the mouths of women, and has sometimes been whipped for his audacity; but in seven instances his advances led to marriage. The seven wives are living, and the Doctor has gone to jail.

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JESSE O. THOMAS, Editor.

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THE SEVENTH'S CANDIDATE.

The Montgomery county journals are busy canvassing for a candidate to succeed Mr. Godshalk in Congress. We should think that the portion of Bucks county belonging to the district, and which it may be said gives the Republican majority, was entitled to some consideration in the matter.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

The Republicans of "the portion of Bucks" that furnishes the voters to elect their Congressman are not disposed to be sticklers as to the locality their candidate comes from. What they desire, and what should be taken more into consideration hereafter, is the selection of a man who has brains enough to rise above locality and who can see beyond the limits of his school district or voting precinct.

The Seventh Congressional District is a wealthy and prosperous one, and should be represented by one whose vision extends beyond his own wheat field, and whose ear-drum can catch sounds beyond the clatter of his own mill. In short, the Seventh needs a Republican who has brains, with energy to work them and tact to guide their use in the channel which will be for the greatest benefit of his constituents.

If Montgomery county has such a man to present to the convention, the Bucks County delegates will certainly warmly welcome him, and the Republican voters of Bucks belonging to the Seventh District will see to it that such a man is sent to Washington by an unprecedented majority.

—Some people are fond of picking flaws. They rejoice when an opportunity offers to lessen the estimation in which any one is held by the public. It is their gain when they can pull people down to their insignificant level, and it appears to be their mission in life to disparage the deeds and utterances of others with all the venom of their miserable natures. One of the latest instances of this kind that has come to our notice is the attempt to fasten the guilt of plagiarism on Bob Ingersoll. A resident of our neighboring town of Burlington, has sent a communication to one of the Philadelphia papers, charging that the recent address of Mr. Ingersoll over the grave of a little child—which has been published in the GAZETTE—was stolen from an old poem, and cites the following paragraph as proof:

"No rest is here without a hope beyond,
No comfort for a lonely one bereft;
'Twere vain,' indeed, to gild a grief with words'—
Mere empty words—to rob the grave of fear,'
For in the world, where life but leads to death,
We all must meet what all the dead have met;
And if existence ceases with the tomb,
Then what of bliss we know in this short life
Makes more intense the ever-present dread;
For death spares none, but 'from the tree of life
Plucks bud and blossom with the ripened fruit,
And patriarch and babe lie side by side.'"

In these lines it is claimed that Ingersoll obtained his beautiful address that occupied over half a column in the GAZETTE. We suppose the animus of the attack is found in the fact that Ingersoll is an avowed infidel; but we hardly believe that the most orthodox Christian of the most orthodox church will justify the attempt to detract from the reputation of the brilliant orator by such questionable methods.

BIG DAMAGES FOR A "SPINAL TWIST."—Miss Mary Swain, who brought suit against the Continental Railway Company for damages for severe spinal injuries sustained while riding in a Sixteenth street car in March, 1880, yesterday obtained a verdict in her favor for $12,000. The car was crowded, and Miss Swain, who was standing up and could not obtain even a strap to sustain herself by, was thrown backwards, and in attempting to recover herself, suffered a "spinal twist."—*Philadelphia Times.*

Will the *Times* please explain how Miss Mary can recover the $12,000, when if she had been killed on a railroad the liability of the company would have been limited by the law of the State to $5,000! Is violent death considered by our lawmakers less serious than non-fatal injuries, and do they think that the railroad corporations of the State need that fostering care and protection which they decline to extend to individuals?

—The Doylestown *Democrat* is opposed to the reading of newspapers in the public schools. The *Intelligencer* is in favor of the plan, providing that it is the *Intelligencer* that is read. With the views of the latter paper on this question we coincide. There is certainly nothing ever contained in the *Intelligencer* that will hurt anybody. Let the *Intelligencer* continue to be read in the public schools, provided its editors keep up their present custom of sending it free to all teachers. It would likely be of benefit to the older children to send free copies also to them.

—Candidates for the nomination for Congressman from this district, to succeed Mr. Godshalk are quite numerous. The following gentlemen from Montgomery county are mentioned as aspirants for the position Col. Theodore W. Bean, Harry K. Weand, Capt. Wm. Rennyson and George N. Corson, all of Norristown; Dr. I. N. Evans, of Hatboro, who formerly represented the district; Joseph E. Thropp, of Conshohocken, and Dr. L. Royer, of Trappe. We presume the list is not yet complete.

—Our innate modesty almost, but not quite, compels us to refrain from reprinting the following flattering notice which originally appeared in the Ocean City *Sentinel:*

We are not personally acquainted with the editor of the Bucks County GAZETTE, one of our exchanges, published at Bristol, Pa., but cannot resist the conviction that he understands his business, his paper being one of the best on our large exchange list.

—The motion for a new trial for Guiteau is to be argued to-morrow. It seems to be settled that the motion will be denied. The defence rely principally upon a statement that certain of the jurors had access to newspapers during the trial. This the jurors concerned say is not so. The probabilities are that Guiteau will hang without unnecessary delay.

WHAT GUITEAU'S TRIAL COST.

A Washington correspondent has figured on the probable expense of trying Guiteau. He says: The expenses of the trial of Guiteau, apart from the cost of his awful crime, are considerable. Just what they will amount to cannot be told, but at the least calculation $35,000 will not be in excess of the amount needed to settle the bills. The Department of Justice will fix the compensation to be paid Judge Porter and Lawyer Davidge, but they will not be given less than $5,000 each. Judge Porter, who has been under heavy expenses during his residence here, would probably not regard $10,000 as an inadequate fee for his services. The District Attorney and Marshal are both paid fees. The fees for jurors will amount to $1,540: their board bills at the National Hotel will aggregate between $3,000 and $3,500. For witnesses, including mileage, there has been paid $8,078.85, of which sum $5,189.85 was paid on behalf of the Government and $2,880 for the defendent. About $5,000 will be required to pay the expenses of reporting the trial. The printing, from day to day, has been done at the Government printing office, and its cost must amount to a considerable sum. Seven deputy marshals will receive $1,302 for watching and protecting the murderer in court. There are also miscellaneous items, such as physicians' charges for attendance on the jury, chairs in the court room and scores of small incidental expenses that will amount to at least $1,000.

It is not improbable that all the expenses of the assassination from the time of the shooting of President Garfield to the day when his murderer is hanged will be $250,000. In advance of the auditing of bills by the Select Committee of the House appointed for that purpose, it is impossible to say what the cost of the illness and funeral will be, but there are many items which it is impossible to charge for distinctly, incidental to the crime, that must be met in the regular appropriations for the civil expenses. The physician, as announced in these despatches some time ago, will make no charges for their services. Each of them will present a statement giving the length of time he was employed, the character of his services, his expenses, etc., and leave the committee to fix the remuneration. A great number of miscellaneous bills have been presented to the committee.

COMPLETING THE IRON BELT.

The River Front Railway, along Delaware avenue, which is intended to form a circuit round the city for the transfer of freight, is almost completed, having been brought down to a point near Callowhill street. In a few days the track will have been laid to the foot of Spruce street, where it will connect with the present freight tracks of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, and the tracks of its Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Branch, which will make the belt of iron round the city complete, as it will link Point Breeze, by way of Washington avenue, with Richmond, by way of Delaware avenue, Beach and Richmond streets, and thence, by way of Lehigh and Trenton avenues, to connect with the old Trenton Railroad, owned by the Pennsylvania, which in turn connects with the New York division of the Pennsylvania, thus connecting the circuit. The most remarkable part of the whole improvement is at Willow and Noble streets, where the new rails cross the numerous Reading Railroad tracks, which run down to the wharf. In order to get over the crossings here it was necessary to lay the patent Wharton switches, which have been put in place at fifty-six crossings at this one point, making it a singular and beautiful sight for those interesting in mechanical engineering. To properly put the switches in place it was necessary to dig down to the bottom of the ties of the Reading tracks, leaving the whole track structure bare, upon which the switches were laid and the track work filled up again, so that only the surface part is now visible. When the road is completed it is expected to work a revolution along the river front, making Delaware avenue the great street for freight shipments of the city, and greatly facilitating the operations of the commercial community.—*Philadelphia Times.*

—The large brown stone building on the north side of Beekman street, extending from Park Row to Nassau street, New York, was burned on Tuesday. It was so constructed as to give the quickest possible sweep to the flames and to obstruct the efforts of occupants to escape. The fire is thought to have started from a defective flue, and it ran through the building with appalling rapidity. The number of tenants was large on every floor except the one nearest the roof, and these tenants employed many people. There was a wild rush for safety. Two persons, whose escape was cut off, jumped to the sidewalk and received fatal injuries. Others were suffocated or overtaken by the flames. The loss of life is at least six, and may prove to be larger. The loss of property was nearly a million dollars. Seneral of the large buildings close by were damaged. The burned building was owned by Orlando B. Potter, and was formerly known as the *World* building, when occupied by that paper. There was a deplorable delay in getting aid to those in danger. Great crowds were attracted by the fire, and the excitement was overwhelming when people in the building were seen trying in vain to escape.

—It is understood that Senator David Davis will vote for the admission of Southern Dakota as a State. His vote will enable the Republicans to pass the bill through the Senate, so that the measure has good prospects of becoming a law.

—After being discussed in the New Jersey House of Assembly, the bill providing for the establishing of a whipping post for wife beaters was referred to the Attorney General of that State for his opinion as to its constitutionality.

—There were 1,493 deaths in Pittsburgh last year, of which 448 were from small-pox.

THE SHORTEST-LIVED DAILY ON RECORD.

On the 1st of January there appeared in Baltimore, Md., the first number of a new daily called the *Daily Times.* It was issued in conformity with an annoucement made in a prospectus issued by Wm. B. Hazelton, in the middle of November, 1881. In this printed promise, Mr. Hazleton declared his intention to publish a first-class independent morning daily, to accomplish which end he would purchase the Baltimore *Gazette*, just to secure Associated Press privileges; and then, with a formidable array of literary talent, he would electrify not only Baltimore, but the country at large, with a lively, fearless, bright paper. He did engage gifted editors, bright reporters at generous salaries, taking them from older papers. At Washington he established a correspondent's bureau on a larger and more sumptuous scale than that of the New York *Herald*: he set up a similar department in New York city; fitted up a large home office with costly furniture, bought a $16,000 press and fonts of choice types. But he did not buy the Baltimore *Gazette;* therefore he launched his venture without the Associated Press dispatches. He atoned for the shortcoming by a liberal supply of special news telegrams; his locals were the liveliest ever seen in Baltimore; his paper the most independent.

In the second week of its existence there were rumors of trouble in the office of the new *Times.* Printers were clamorous for their wages; editors and reporters wondered audibly when pay-day would come. They had velvet-cushioned chairs to sit in, but no money to meet necessary expenses. That was just what ailed Mr. Hazleton. He had ambition, enterprise, generosity, but no cash, and no one would advance him any. Without money newspapers cannot be published. On Saturday, January 14, appeared the last number of the Baltimore *Times.* All the materials in the office were promptly seized by the parties who had furnished them on credit. Editors, reporters and compositors were left to shift for themselves as best they could.

Wm. B. Hazleton, who has—unwittingly, no doubt—achieved the distinction of founding and publishing the shortest-lived daily newspaper on record, is a young man, but an old journalist. He was actively connected with Philadelphia newspapers a dozen years ago as publisher and editor, failing in both capacities. Afterwards he went to Washington and subsequently to Baltimore. In the latter city he became the managing editor of the *American*, filling the position in a satisfactory manner. He meant well in his last venture, but according to all accounts he put too much faith in promises of financial support; he had no capital of his own, and the promises made him were not fulfilled.—*Printers' Circular.*

—The Rev. Dr. Bellows, the leading Unitarian clergyman of the United States and pastor of All Souls' Unitarian Church, New York city, died on Monday. He was born in Boston June 11, 1814, and was therefore nearly 68 years old. He graduated from Harvard College in 1832, entered the Divinity School at Cambridge in 1834, and completed his theological course in 1837. He was ordained pastor of the First Congregational Church (now All Souls' Unitarian) in New York in January, 1839, and continued the pastorate to the time of his death. In 1846 he originated the *Christian Inquirer*, in company with several well known men, and remained as principal writer thereon until 1850. In 1854 he received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from Harvard College. During the war he became prominent not only for his pulpit utterances on the rebellion, but for his active and effective work as President of the Sanitary Commission. Among the publications by Dr. Bellows are an oration delivered in 1853 before the Phi Beta Kappa of Harvard: a "Defense of the Drama," in 1857: a course of lectures on the "Treatment of Social Diseases," before the Lowell Institute of Boston; a later course of lectures on various topics, and two volumes of European travels. As a theologian, Dr. Bellows occupied a leading position as a representative and expounder of liberal Christaanity, and was probably the acknowledged leader of the Unitarian denomination in the United States. He was a ready speaker and a popular lecturer, and had many friends among artists and professional men generally. His vigorous defense of the stage at all times made him especially popular in theatrical circles.

MR. CAMERON'S STOCK OF CANDIDATES.—There was the other day only one candidate in the field, General Beaver, and, personally, there could be no objection to him. His war and peace record were both excellent, but Mr. Cameron stood sponsor for him. Later, Mr. Butler, that truly good, simple-minded, bucolic old statesman, Mr. Butler, appeared in the field as the opponent of General Beaver. Whether he be a real candidate or only a dummy it is not easy to determine, but his "boom" boomed so suddenly and so mysteriously as to lead to the impression that he is part of Mr. Cameron's reserve force, handy to have in the house, like "Mrs. Toodles's" watch-boxes or coffins. It is reported that Mr. Cameron has provided himself with two dummies in providing himself with these two, and that the real coming man is our lately esteemed Governor Hartranft. This may be true or false, but whether one or the other the fact remains the same—that in all this talk and action about the coming man for Governor the interest of the party and the people seem to be ignored altogether, and the only interest that appears to be considered is that of Mr. Cameron. Well, if he is stronger than the party and the people, and can take them both by the throat, flout and defeat their interests to serve his own, he is right to do it. A party or a State that is not stronger than one man in it deserves to be flouted and ignominiously defeated.—*Philadelphia Telegraph* (*Ind. Rep.*)

—A sub-committee of the House Committee on Commerce has decided to report unfavorably upon the Eads' project for a ship railway across the Isthmus.

NEWS ITEMS.

—According to the census report there are about 4,000 blind people in Pennsylvania.

—Jeff. Davis, who has long been blind in one eye, has now nearly lost the sight of the other.

—An Indianapolis couple were married in 1872, divorced in 1877, remarried in 1879, and now sue to be redivorced.

—Trenton bricklayers and stonemasons have determined to demand three dollars a day for their labor on and after April 1.

—A company of Pittsburgh capitalists are about to purchase and put in operation the Connellsville Locomotive Works.

—At the January term of court in Schuylkill county one hundred and seventy-six licenses to sell liquor were issued.

—The fair of the Woman's Silk Culture Association opened at St. George's Hall last Tuesday night. It will remain in operation until the 15th instant.

—Samuel Piercy, the actor who lately died of small-pox in Boston, was a disbeliever in vaccination, and a month before taking the disease refused to protect himself against it.

—The Central Presbyterian congregation of Norristown on Monday evening elected Rev. James McAskie to the pastorate of the church and fixed the salary at $1,300 a year.

—Francis Murphy, the temperance lecturer, is in Scotland, where he is waging a little war against the liquor dealers. In two days he secured 1,200 signatures to the pledge in Forfar.

—A schoolmaster in Southern Oregon resigned because two of the directors would not sustain him in his effort to stop urchins from squirting tobacco juice on the stove during school hours.

—There are six weaving looms completed and fourteen in course of construction in the Allentown silk mill. The full complement is 100. The first piece of dress silk will soon be completed.

—A four year old boy of Clay County, Ind., is undergoing treatment at Indianapolis for spinal troubles, brought on by excessive smoking. The invalid has been a heavy smoker for a year and a half.

—The Baroness von Bulow, the dark haired, graceful young grand-daughter of Liszt, is living with the old composer at Rome, and shows him, Miss Brewster says, in the *Boston Advertiser*, a beautiful devotion.

—Tiffin, O., has three female lawyers, the latest addition to the list being Miss Edith Sams, who has formed a partnership with Miss Florence Cronise, under the firm name of "Cronise & Sams, Attorneys-at-Law."

—A quack physician at Pittsfield, Mass., takes his medicine for all diseases from a bottle labelled: "Water from the Tree of Life." With this he makes the sign of the cross on the patient. He has numerous patients.

—English merchants are in a scare over the arrival of a Chinese steamer in the Thames, the first of a line between Shanghai and London, carrying Chinese merchandise and proposing to take some of the profits heretofore made by English dealers.

—A swindler is on his rounds in Eastern Texas vaccinating the negroes with beeswax. He charges a dollar a vac., represents himself as being appointed by the United States Government, and threatens dire penalties against all who refuse to be operated on.

—Henry Merz, of St. Louis, pitied Mrs. Dinkelman on account of her marital infelicity, and paid all the cost of a divorce. Then he married her. But within a year he was cured of his love for her, and employed the same lawyer who had procured the divorce to annul his own marriage.

—Three young ladies were drowned in the Shenandoah River, in Rockingham County, Va., on Monday, while attempting to cross on a frail structure. Two of them were sisters, aged 18 and 13 years, and were daughters of Michael Fraidley. The other was Miss Lena Wilt, about 21 years of age.

—It may not be generally known, says the London *Truth*, that a man wearing dark clothes is more liable to infection from contagious disease than he who wears light colored garments, because particles which eminate from diseased or decaying bodies are much more rapidly absorbed by dark than by light fabrics.

—Bunting Hankins, of Bordentown, N. J., has sent forty-five pairs of fancy pigeons to the exhibition of the National Columbian Society, Bunnell's Museum, New York. The competition is open to the world, and it promises to be a very fine exhibit. The estimated value of the birds entered exceeds $100,000.

—Twenty young Indian children from the Osage Agency, in the Indian Territory, will arrive at Washington in a few days. After a short stay they will proceed to Carlisle, Pa., and begin a course of study at the Indian school in that place. All of the expenses of their education will be defrayed by the Osage tribe.

—Miss Zora Van Dyke, of Edenboro, Erie county, is under treatment for an ovarian tumor upon the prayer system. Miss Carrie Judd, of Buffalo, who claims to have effected a miraculous cure recently in Erie, and other ladies in the neighborhood hold daily prayer meetings in the patient's room, and she already professes to have found relief.

—There are thousands of acres of land within a short distance of Philadelphia, says the *Record*, which it will pay to plant with black walnut trees. But don't plant Pennsylvania walnuts. Be sure your seed comes from Indiana. The walnut of that State is handsomest in color, straightest in grain and easiest to work of any that comes to this market.

—According to the census of Paris there are in that city 46,815 indigent households, numbering 123,735 persons. Among the persons who receive relief from the Assistance Publique are men and women of all classes of society—school mistresses, engravers, draughtsmen, men of letters, dramatic artists, painters, etc. The majority, of course, are of humble station.

—A Chicago Grand Jury wishes the Mayor and Chief of Police to explain why thirty gambling houses are open in the business part of the city.

—All persons entering the public houses of Bristol, England, were counted on Saturday night between the hours of 7 and 11 o'clock. Of a population of 206,000, 105,000, or more than one-half, entered the public houses in four hours. Of this number 54,074 were men, 36,803 women, and 13,415 children.

—The Zoological Society in New South Wales, who have successfully introduced trout and perch into that part of Australia, have renewed their efforts to introduce salmon, and have applied for and received from the United States Fish Commission two boxes containing 40,000 ova. These, after great care and trouble being taken with them, have been safely deposited in hatching boxes at Bowenfels.

—There is so great a rush to Winnipeg, it is said, that there be five millions of dollars spent there this season in the erection of houses. In two years after the sheriff will be likely to have his hands full in selling any number of "bonus" houses, half-built, at half price. Winnipeg is the new name of old Fort Garry, situated in the British province of Manitoba, and at the last census contained 3,000 inhabitants. At present it has at least twice that number.

—The verdict of a Methodist clerical jury in the ecclesiastical trial of the Rev. H. O. Hoffman, at Bloomington, Ill., by which he was disgraced for long-continued wickedness, was reached at 2 o'clock in the morning. The defendent asked leave to lead in prayer, just before the vote was taken, and was accorded the privilege, which he used most fervently. The jurors were deeply affected, and all wept as they signed the verdict. Hoffman had been extremely popular, both with congregation and fellow preachers.

—The lion tamer attached to a menagerie at Edinburgh, after the lions had been fed, was leaving their cage, when he slipped and fell. This accident proved an irresistible temptation to one of the lions, who, although it had already dined, made a rush at him and seized him by the fleshy part of the arm above the elbow. Being recalled, however, to a sense of propriety by a sharp blow, the lion loosed its hold, leaving only the marks of its teeth on the arm of its victim. The lion tamer, having dressed the wound himself, subsequently reappeared in the menagerie and put the animals through their usual performances.

☞ In the bright autumnal days the temptation to comfortable exposure yields its fruit in a most pernicious cough and irritation of the throat. Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup stands unrivaled as a remedy for throat and lung diseases. 25 cts. a bottle.

☞ Death to rats, mice, roaches and ants; Parson's Exterminator. Barns, granaries, households, cleared in a single night. No fear of bad smells. Best and cheapest vermin killer in the world. Sold everywhere.

☞ A pure, wholesome distillation of witch hazel, American pine, Canada fir, marigold, clover blossoms, etc., fragrant, with the healing essences of balsam and of pine. Such is Sanford's Radical Cure for Catarrh. Complete treatment for $1.

☞ Fancy holiday goods at Serril Douglass' Drug Store, Dorrance street.

☞ Everybody says so. Mertz, corner Pond and Washington streets has the largest bread in Bristol.

☞ Porous plasters are the best. They can be had at Pursell's.

Cuticura

THE CUTICURA TREATMENT, for the cure of Skin, Scalp and Blood Diseases, consists in the internal use of Cuticura Resolvent, the new blood purifier, and the external use of Cuticura and Cuticura Soap, the great skin cures.

SALT RHEUM.
Will McDonald, 2542 Dearborn Street, Chicago, gratefully acknowledges a cure of Salt Rheum on head, neck, face, arms and legs for seventeen years; not able to walk except on hands and knees for one year; not able to help himself for eight years; tried hundreds of remedies; doctors pronounced his case hopeless; permanently cured by Cuticura Resolvent (blood purifier) internally, and Cuticura and Cuticura Soap (the great skin cures) externally.

PSORIASIS.
H. E. Carpenter, Esq., Henderson, New York, cured of Psoriasis or Leprosy, of twenty years' standing, by the Cuticura Resolvent internally, and Cuticura and Cuticura Soap externally. The most wonderful case on record. Cure certified to before a justice of the peace and prominent citizens. All afflicted with itching and scaly diseases should send to us for this testimonial in full.

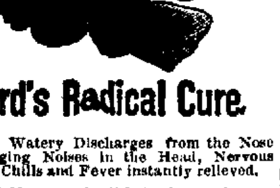
SKIN DISEASE.
F. H. Drake, Esq., Detroit, Mich., suffered beyond all description from a skin disease which appeared on his hands, head and face, and nearly destroyed his eyes. The most careful doctoring failed to help him, and after all had failed he used the Cuticura Resolvent (blood purifier) internally, Cuticura and Cuticura Soap (the great skin cure) externally, and was cured, and has remained perfectly well to this day.

SKIN HUMORS.
Mrs. S. E. Whipple, Decatur, Mich., writes that her face, head and some parts of her body were almost raw. Head covered with scabs and sores, suffered fearfully and tried everything. Permanently cured by Cuticura Resolvent (blood purifier) and Cuticura and Cuticura Soap (the great skin cures).

CUTICURA
Remedies are for sale by all druggists. Price of Cuticura, a Medicinal Jelly, small boxes, 50c.; large boxes, $1. Cuticura Resolvent, the new Blood Purifier, $1 per bottle. Cuticura Medicinal Toilet Soap, 25c.; Cuticura Medicinal Shaving Soap, 15c.; in bars for barbers and large consumers, 50c. Principal depot.

WEEKS & POTTER, Boston, Mass.

CATARRH



Sanford's Radical Cure.

Head Colds, Watery Discharges from the Nose and eyes, Ringing Noises in the Head, Nervous Headache and Chills and Fever instantly relieved.

Choking, putrid mucus is dislodged, membrane cleansed, disinfected and healed, breath sweetened, smell, taste and hearing restored and constitutional ravages checked.

Cough, Bronchitis, Droppings into the Throat, Pains in the Chest, Dyspepsia, Wasting of strength and Flesh, loss of Sleep, &c., cured.

One bottle Radical Cure, one box Catarrhal Solvent and one Dr. Sanford's Inhaler, in one package, of all druggists, for $1. Ask for Sanford's Radical Cure. WEEKS & POTTER, Boston.

LIGHTNING Is not quicker than COLLIN'S VOLTAIC PLASTERS in relieving pain and Weakness of the Kidneys, Liver and Lungs, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Hysteria, Female Weakness, Malaria and Fever and Ague. Price 25 cents. Sold everywhere.

HEAVY

WINTER GOODS

GREATLY REDUCED PRICES.

In order to make room for our Spring Stock we are prepared to sell heavy Winter Goods at prices very much below what we have been offering them at. In this list are

LADIES' COATS AND SHAWLS,

BLANKETS,

White and Gray.

HORSE BLANKETS

AND

CARRIAGE ROBES.

JUST RECEIVED AND OPENED

Our Spring Stock

OF

Table Linens,

TOWELS & NAPKINS.

ALSO, A LARGE LINE OF

HAMBERG EDGES

AND

INSERTIONS,

UPON CAMBRIC, NAINSOOK AND SWISS MUSLIN,

AT

J. Wesley Wright's,

MILL STREET,

BRISTOL, PA.

MUSIC-BOXES.

Closing out sale, at cost of production in Switzerland, about 1-2 and 1-4 value here.

Wednesbay January 25 Grand Opening of a large shipment, having arrived too late for the holidays. They are mostly of the large and medium size and, with few exceptions, of superior quality; High Class Musical Boxes, too good and expensive for the whole-sale trade. These instruments are far superior to the ordinary music box generally sold in this country, and need only to be seen or heard to be appreciated. Musical Boxes with Bells, Drums, Castanets, Celestial Voices, Harp-Zither, running from 10 to 50 minutes by one winding.

C. Gautschi & Co., Manufacturers,
Ste, Croix & Geneve, Switzerland.
SALESROOMS:
1020 CHESTNUT STREET, Philadelphia.

NOTICE.
The partnership heretofore existing between Edward Thomas and Charles S. Vandegrift, Jr., trading as Thomas & Vandegrift, in the business of Lumber, Coal, Flour and Feed, at the Terresdale Mills, Bensalem, Bucks County, Pa., is this day dissolved by mutual consent. The business of the partnership will be settled by either of the late partners.
EDWARD THOMAS.
CHARLES S. VANDEGRIFT, JR.
Terresdale, Mills, Jan. 2, 1882.

The undersigned have this day formed a partnership in the business of Lumber, Coal, Flour and Feed, to be conducted by them under the name of Thomas & Vandegrift, at the Terresdale Mills, Bensalem Township, Bucks County, Pa.
CHARLES S. VANDEGRIFT, JR.,
EDWIN M. THOMAS.
Torresdale Mills, Jan. 2, 1882.

At J. Milnor's Store,
Corner of Wood and Washington st
BRISTOL, PA.,
Can always be found a full line of
Fine Groceries and Provision
consisting in part of
DRIED BEEF, PREPARED HAM, BUTTER LARD, TEAS and COFFEE,
nd almost everything in the Grocery Line.

JOSEPH W. THOMPSON,
HATS, CAPS
AND
STRAW GOODS,
No. 1209 North Second Street,
East Side, Four doors above Girard Ave.,
PHILADELPHIA.
A full assortment of Umbrellas.

$2 To $1,000 in stocks or grain, paying big; pamphlets free. G. M. Gardner, 26 William st., N. Y.

MISCELLANEOUS

JOHN WANAMAKER'S STORE

The Largest General Store in the United States.

One block, from 13th St. to City Hall Square and Market St., including 1301, 1303, 1313, 1315, 1317 and 1319 Chestnut St.

A STOCK AMOUNTING TO NEARLY $2,000,000, ALWAYS ON EXHIBITION

Samples and Descriptive Catalogue sent free when requested.

Absolute faithfulness by both parties the basis of all transactions.

GRAND DEPOT PHILADELPIHA

Seeds We have advantages as Seedsmen of which we wish to tell the public. Thirty years experience as PRACTICAL MARKET GARDENERS AND FLORISTS, gives us such knowledge as to enable us to judge not only what are the best kinds for Fruit, Flower or Vegetable crops (whether for Private or Commercial Gardening), but also to thoroughly test the quality of all Seeds and Plants. Our Greenhouses and Frames in Jersey City, are the largest in America, covering upwards of four acres, solid in glass, employing an average of seventy men throughout the year.

☞ We send our Illustrated Catalogue of "Everything for the Garden," on application FREE.

PETER HENDERSON & CO.
35 Cortlandt Street, New York.
Plants

FROM MARKET STREET TO FILBERT,

AN ENTIRE BLOCK,

IS FILLED WITH DRY GOODS,

Selected Carefully by Experts in the Best Markets of the World

This Huge Array of Stuffs Aggregates in Value Considerably more than

A MILLION OF DOLLARS.

AND IS DIVIDED AMONG

THIRTY-TWO DEPARTMENTS

In Which are Contained Everything Needed in

Wearing Apparel

FOR

Ladies and Children,

And Everything Coming Under the Head of

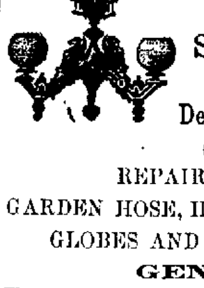
HOUSEFURNISHING DRY GOODS.

Few such exhibits as this are made in the country. None can surpass it in attractiveness, variety and interest. The almost perfect system to which the business is reduced, insures the most prompt, careful and economical service of all patrons.

The prices are beyond controversy as low as the goods can be conveyed from producer to consumer, as all methods of cheapening prices are in vogue known to the most exact business science. On moderation of prices, primarily, has the success of the house been based, and success has furnished facilities for still further lowering of prices, while giving the additional advantages of convenience, comfort and despatch in all transactions.

There is no reason why all who desire should not share in the advantages which are offered by this great mart of fashion and of use.

STRAWBRIDGE & CLOTHIER,
N. W. Cor. Eighth & Market Sts.—S. W. Cor. Eighth & Filbert Sts,
PHILADELPHIA.



GEORGE STONE & SON,
NO. 16 MILL STREET,
BRISTOL, PA.,
PLUMBERS,
STEAM & GAS PIPE FITTERS,
ALSO,
Dealer in Gas Fixtures, Steam Heating Apparatus, Hydraulic Rams, Lift and Force Pumps of all kinds.
REPAIR WORK SOLICITED. Also constantly on hand,
GARDEN HOSE, HOSE PIPES AND SPRINKLERS, HOSE REELS, GLASS GLOBES AND SHADES, BATH TUBS, CIRCULATING BOILERS,
GENUINE CUCUMBER PUMPS,
Warranted to be made of Cucumber Wood, and the cheapest and best Pumps in the market. These Pumps are made by skillful workmen and will stand the test that is claimed for them, and are much superior to the poplar pump, which is an imitation of them. Don't buy elsewhere until you exam ne them and get our prices. REFERENCES:—C. W. & J. Peirce and Grundy Brothers & Campion.
☞ Factory, Dorrance Street, West of Railroad.

"ARRIVED."

The time of year has again arrived to commence our usual clearing out sale of Fall and Winter

Dress Goods, Shawls, Blankets, Cssimers.
FLANNELS, WOOLEN UNDERWEAR, &c.

The warm Fall has left us with too many goods to carry over season. We will therefore make some unusual sacrifices this month to reduce stock as much as possible before the annual stock taking time

WE THINK
IT WILL PAY . . . . TO COME AND BUY HERE.
IT WILL PAY . . . . TO COME AND BUY HERE.
IT WILL PAY . . . . TO COME AND BUY HERE.

At the reduced prices goods are now being sold by us. Call when next in the city and examine our goods and prices, and oblige,

JOHN MOORE & CO.,
517 & 519 N. Second St., above Noble, Philad'a.

JOSEPH DRUCKENMILLER.

ORGANS AND PIANOS.

1881. ORDER NOW FOR 1882.
CHRISRMAS PRESENTS,
HOLIDAY OFFERS.

NOW IS YOUR TIME TO ORDER AN

ESTEY ORGAN OR A FIRST-CLASS PIANO.

Special low prices given organs—from $30 up—every investment is fully warranted. Satisfaction guaranteed. If you connot call, be sure to write for catalogue before buying elsewhere

Address or call upon

JOSEPH DRUCKENMILIER,
Edge Hill, Montgomery Co., Pa.

Established 1844.

H. KRUGER & CO.

Post Office Block, 940 MARKET STREET; Phila.,
Importers, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
POTTERY, FRENCH CHINA, BOHEMIAN GLASS, MAJOLICA, CURIOS, PARISIAN AND GERMAN FANCY GOODS, AND ENGLISH DECORATED DINNER, TEA AND TOILET WARE, all of which make APPROPRIATE
HOLIDAY AND BRIDAL GIFTS.
REMEMBER THE NUMBER, (POST OFEICE BLOCK,)
940 MARKET STREET, 2 door below 10th, PHILA.,

American Watch and Clock Depot,
No. 11 NORTH SECOND STREET, (above Market,) PHILADELPHIA,
A LARGE ASSORTMENT AND SMALL PRICES.
Look at some of the Prices.
LADIES' SOLID GOLD AMERICAN LEVER WATCHES, $22; GENTS SOLID GOLD AMERICAN LEVER WATCHES, $30. Ladies Gold Watches as low as $12; One day Clocks $1.00 up. Eight Day Walnut Clocks, $3 up.
A large stock on hand of solid gold and best rolled plated jewelry and chains. Solid silver and plated ware, Opera Glasses and Spectacles. Repairing of all kinds done in a skillful manner.
S. PICARD, No. 11 N. Second Street, Philadelphia.
P. S.—Every Article warranted as represented.

NewspaperARCHIVE®

Bucks County Gazette.

Thursday, February 2, 1882.

☞Entered at the Bristol Post Office as second class matter.

BRISTOL POST OFFICE.

Arrival and Departure of Mails.

NEW YORK—Arrives 7:00 and 11.15 A. M., and 7.30 P. M. Closes 8:00 and 11 15 A. M., 1 00 and 7 00 P. M.
PHILADELPHIA—Arrives 7.00 and 8:15 A. M., and 60 and 8:00 P. M. Closes 8:45 and 10 15 A. M., 2 30 and 6 30 P. M.
DOYLESTOWN, NEWTOWN, &c.—Arrives 11 30 A. M. Closes 12 00 M.
OXFORD VALLEY, FALLSINGTON AND EMILIE—Arrives 10:00 A. M. Closes 11.30 A. M.
BELVIDERE, TULLYTOWN, PENN VALLEY AND MORRISVILLE—Arrives 4.00 P. M. Closes 8.00 A. M.
TRENTON—Arrives 10:00 A. M. and 4 00 and 7 30 P. M. Closes 8:00 A. M., and 7.00 and 4:00 P. M.
WESTERN—Arrives 10:00 A. M.
Malls for the West and South go by every Philadelphia mail.
Last direct mail for New York City closes at 7:00.
W. B. BAKER, P. M.

—J. Wesley Wright has purchased the store building he now occupies from the executors, for the sum of $7,500.

—After a long period of rest the Bristol *Times* managed to make its appearance last Saturday. We had supposed it had given up the ghost.

—William Bache, the veteran printer, who has been employed at the Langhorne *Beacon* office, recently had the misfortune to slip on the icy steps and, falling, fracture a rib.

—The Farmers' Mutual Fire Insurance Company of Bucks and Philadelphia counties has chosen Dr. Chas. R. King, of Andalusia, president, E. G. Harrison, of Hulmeville, secretary, and Richard Hulme, of Bristol, treasurer for the present year.

—The building in which M. J. Harned had his Fringe Factory located, at New Market Street, Philadelphia, was burned down one day last week. The loss of the Harneds is stated by the papers to be $50,000, on which there was $30,000 insurance.

—The resignation of Joseph Q. Bloomsburg as engineer of the Water-works has been accepted by the Directors of the Water Company. Mr. Bloomsburg expects to take a position offered him as engineer on a steamboat, on the 15th of March next.

—For the purpose of facilitating the withdrawal of mutilated coin from circulation, the superintendents of coinage mints have been authorised to purchase mutilated silver coins in sums of $3 and upward, at the rate of $1 per ounce of standard silver contained.

—The B. O. C. is the name of a social club of unmarried men, now forming in Bristol. Whether its purposes are literary or scientific in their nature, or whether the society was formed as a mutual protection association from the arts and wiles of the opposite sex, has not yet been made public.

—The Doylestown *Mirror* has an excellent news condenser on its staff. The local happenings in all parts of the county are carefully edited, and the third page, which is devoted to such news, is always full of interest. If the second page wasn't so Democratically red-hot it would be still more deserving of support.

—Two young children of George Shissler, who both died suddenly in the suburbs of Bristol, were brought here yesterday, and were buried from the residence of David Michener, Mr. Shissler's father-in-law. At the time these children died another, the youngest and only surviving child, was lying very ill, and not expected to recover.

—Sleighers had a merry time last evening for the first time this winter. The jingling bells were heard far into the night. The sleighing was very fine and the night beautifully lit up by the lunar orb the weather, too, was pleasant, and altogether circumstances combined to make the most enjoyable sleighing that has been experienced for several years. The only difficulty was the procuring of a horse and sleigh: the belles were easily obtained.

—About fifty acres of the Tomlinson farm, recently purchased by Dr. H. Pursell and Edmund Lawrence, will be devoted to cemetery purposes. A number of citizens of Bristol and vicinity have signified their willingness to take stock in such an association, and an application will be made to the Court of Common Pleas for a charter. It is the design of the gentlemen acting in the matter to lay out the grounds and make it as attractive a spot as possible.

—The two men who recently attempted to swindle Chris. Mertz, the baker, are now believed to be in the Montgomery county jail. They gave their names as Charles Brown and Samuel Coleman, the same names as were given by them here, and were committed in default of $1000 each, to answer the charge of conspiring to swindle by an old dodge that is said to have been successfully played by them through Easton and other near towns, and which they tried on in Bristol and Norristown.

—List of letters remaining in the Bristol post office, Wednesday evening, Feb. 1st, 1881:—George Bailey, Wm. M. Brown, Miss Fannie Black, Jonathan Carter, Daniel Curran, Mrs. Wm. Kurling, William S. Daniels, Mrs. Sarah Dixson, Lewis Feidler, Mrs. Nora Goodlowe, Miss Clara Hope, Mr. Geo. Marchand, Miss Susan A. Mitchell, Robt. A. Riley, Leonida D. Scott, Joseph Sickles, Ann Smith, John T. Stout, Ellen Spangler, Miss Lizzie Wolcott, Miss Hannah Young, care of Richard Young (Col.)

—In another column will be found the statement of the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York, giving an exhibit of its business during the past year. The growth of this institution is one of the wonders of finance, the assets now amounting to $94,702,957, showing a gain for the year of over $3,000,000. On January 1, 1882, the Mutual Life Company had over 101,000 policy-holders, insured for the sum of $315,900,137, having added about $10,000,000 in new business within twelve months. The company paid its policy-holders last year the immense sum of $12,640,112, while its income from all sources aggregated $17,-247,116. This gigantic society has now a surplus fund over and above every liability amounting to $12,000,000. Charles E. Scott is the agent of this company for Bristol and vicinity.

—"From the wondrous tree of life the buds and blossoms fall with ripened fruit, and in the common bed of earth the patriarchs and babes sleep side by side." So said an orator recently. How forcibly this truth, so expressively and beautifully set forth, is brought to mind by the events transpiring around us. A week ago we were called upon to record the death of one young in years, and to-day the sad duty devolves upon us to make a similar announcement concerning another bright youth, another blossom, garnered untimely by the relentless hand of the Great Reaper. Freddie Tyler, son of Capt. George F. Tyler, was a vivacious, attractive little fellow of unusual promise, and a universal favorite. On Wednesday of last week he was playing on the ice on one of the ponds when he either fell or was pushed down, striking his head with great force. He soon apparently recovered, and went to school as usual on Thursday, without having said anything to his parents about being hurt. The next day he was taken ill with congestion of the brain, and he continued growing worse until Sunday evening, when he died. It is "the old, old fashion! The fashion that came in with our first parents, and will last unchanged until our race has run its course, and the wide firmament is rolled like a scroll. The old, old fashion—Death." For that still "older fashion"—"Immortality," we can feel thankful, but even with the consolation there is in that word, we feel "how vain it is to gild a grief with words."

ABOUT SCHOOL DIRECTORS.—In former years School Directors assumed the duties of their office without taking an oath. The last Legislature, however, changed this, and passed an act requiring them to do so. The full text of the act is given as follows:

SEC. 1. Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, in General Assembly met, and it is hereby enacted by the authority of the same, That from and after the passage of this act all School Directors, except such as shall have, on account of religious belief, conscientious scruples in regard to taking an oath or affirmation, shall take and subscribe an oath or affirmation before some person competent to administer such, that they will faithfully perform such duties, under the constitution and laws of the Commonwealth; and that they will not knowingly receive, directly or indirectly, any money or other thing of any value whatsoever for the performance of any act or duty pertaining to the office of School Director.

SEC. 2. No person hereafter elected School Director, except such as shall sign a declaration that they have conscientious scruples in regard to taking an oath or affirmation, shall be competent to sit at the organization of the board to which he was elected unless he produces the officer's certificate that he has taken the required oath or affirmation.

EDITOR GAZETTE:—*Dear Sir:* I received the other day the following note, enclosing a sum of money:

"Will the Scientific Society of Bristol accept the enclosed, as an expression of interest in its work?

"A WELL-WISHER."

I beg leave to express to our anonymous well-wisher the sincere thanks of the Society of Natural Sciences, not only for the money, but also for the kindly feeling that prompted the gift.

A. WEIR GILKESON,
President S. N. S.

—Assistant Postmaster General Hatton has issued the following: "Postmasters will not allow non-subscribers to take from the boxes, nor will they hand to them, newspapers addressed to subscribers, refolded and returned to them into the general delivery, without verbal or written permit from such subscriber. A violation of this regulation will be sufficient ground for the removal of the offending postmaster." If postmasters will carry out this regulation they will receive the thanks of all newspaper publishers.

—One of the charming periodicals made for the especial delight of children is "*Our Little Ones and The Nursery.*" Its bright pages cannot fail to delight the youthful reader. It's reading matter is all that could be desired and its illustrations are especially good. The price of this magazine for children is $1.50 per annum, and it is published by the Russell Publishing Co., Boston, Mass., to whom subscriptions should be sent.

—On Tuesday night a dog belonging to Edward Minster, of Bristol township, entered the chicken-house and killed about fifty chickens. On Wednesday morning it bit five hogs and a horse. A shot-gun was then brought into service, and the dog was killed. It had not previously shown any signs of being mad.

—A swindler is beating farmers in southern counties of York State by buying produce of them, writing a receipt with lead pencil, breaking off the point, and handing the farmer a fountain pen to sign his name with. He then rubs out the pencil writing, makes a note over the signature and sells the note.

—Col. Robert Wood, of Wood's Museum, Philadelphia, has leased Music Hall, Norristown, for five years, commencing February 1. He proposes to refit the hall and provide new scenery during the summer.

—Robert Vandegrift, of the Second Ward, is a candidate for the Democratic nomination for High Constable.

—It is reported in Boston that the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, which is dissatisfied with Gould's control of the New York and New England road, has decided to back the proposed new line from New York to Boston—the New York and Boston Inland. The proposed new line is to begin at the State line of Connecticut and run through North Bridge, Uxbridge, Mendon, Upton, Medfield, Needham, Dover and Brookline, coming into Boston across Charles River Basin, and probably using the Boston and Providence station. The cost of that portion of the road lying in Massachusetts is placed at $500,000, of which the New York Construction Company will take $492,500.

MOUNTED POLICE.

The citizens of the outlying portions of Philadelphia are agitating the question of having mounted policemen in the suburbs. Several highway robberies and various depredations seem to call for more effectual measures of protecting person and property than is now afforded. The Twenty-third Ward, the largest in Philadelphia, is guarded, as we are informed by the Philadelphia *Times*, by only thirty one policemen, including the night and day patrol. The area reaches 27,339 acres, or 42,716 square miles. The population in 1880 was 26,522, and is much greater now, owing to the increase caused by the building of several large manufactories within the past two years. The ward is just one-third the size of the whole county of Philadelphia, and contains many small towns, which Police Lieutenant William R. Baldwin must protect with his thirty-one men, nineteen of whom are on duty at night. Among these towns and villages are Frankford, Bridesburg, Tacony, Torresdale, Holmesburg, Bustleton, Fox Chase, Lagrange, Collegeville, Five Points, Volunteertown, Verreeville, Knightsville, Byberry, White Hall, Somerton and Merchantsville. Frankford, being the largest, claims the greatest number of patrolmen, Tacony getting two men, Torresdale one, and Fox Chase one. The remainder of the men are distributed about the country where they will do the most good. The ward has long been a favorite recort for highwaymen, thieves and criminals of all descriptions, the great stretch of lonesome country east and northeast of Frankford being well calculated to prove strongholds for the worst classes of society's outcasts. For several years there existed a series of thieves' dens, extending from a short distance beyond Frankford to Bucks county, where it was generally supposed the robbers had their headquarters. Farmers suffered severe losses, but could do nothing to thwart the plans of the rangers, who seemed possessed of more than ordinary daring and cunning. Farm produce of all kinds disappeared with mysterious rapidity; tools and farm implements would be found missing in the morning, after being carefully locked up at night; chickens, turkeys, and even calves and pigs would be carried away. At last the farmers appealed to Lieutenant Baldwin, who promised to use his best efforts in breaking up the dens. His success was greater than anyone had expected, and to-day the regular resorts are either gone entirely or so carefully concealed as to defy the work of the sharpest detective.

—Michael Lycet waited until he was 37 before seeking a wife, and then he found the job less easy and more costly than he had expected, though he had the advantage of a considerable bank account. He lives at Nicetown, a suburb of Philadelphia. He gave a fiddler, whose occupation put him in the way of knowing a great many girls, $10 as a fee for introducing him to an eligible party; but the girl with whom the agent put him into relations favorable to courtship was cross-eyed, and therefore unsatisfactory. A second payment of $10 to the fiddler resulted in an acquaintance with Miss Nolan, who jilted him after receiving two dresses and a cloak; and subsequently with Miss Casey, to whom he gave a bonnet, shoes, gloves and hosiery, before finding out that she would not marry him. Then Michael discarded the fiddler and struck out for himself with Miss Moran, the daughter of his landlady. He gave to a Police Justice, a few days ago, the following account of his experience with this girl:

"Furst she axed for a silk dress. Do yez moind that? Sez I, Will ye marry me?"

"It's hasty ye are," sez she.

"Margaret," sez I, "it's no silk dhress ye'll have from me till ye promise."

"Very well," sez she, wid a smile on her, "I'll be Mrs. Lycet on Christmas day."

"The day before Christmas," sez I; "it's married in the mornin' we'll be."

"Phwat mornin'?" sez she, openin' her eyes and starin' in me face.

"Christmas mornin'," sez I.

"It's New Year's, I sed," sez she, as bould as brass.

"I wur bilin' mad, but she stud like a cow in the mud, and cud nayther be druv nor blarneyed. So I waited, an' to put her intil shpirrits I gev her a twenty-seven dollar goold ring. On New Year's day she sent me a litther sayin' she'd not marry me if I wuz made of goold."

It was to recover the ring that Michael resorted to the Police Court, and, meeting with success, he has sued all three deceivers to make them give up all his presents.

A DAINTY YOUNG MAN OF NEW YORK.—A young exquisite, the son of a celebrated New York ropemaker, is exciting much good-natured laughter by his exceeding daintiness and lavish display. He has lately attained his majority and is anxious evidently to dispense the large income he finds at his command. He has forty coats, an umbrella for each shade of dress and canes and scarf-pins innumerable. He said he had to get a brougham because he had to go to his lawyer's so often and he has, besides, a two-wheeler and a Russian sleigh with horses to match. He has flowers sent to his rooms twice a day [illegible] when he walks with a young lady he al[illegible] buys for her a most expensive bouq[illegible], there being no other sort at this time [illegible] the year. He spent $4,500 in fitting [illegible] two rooms in his mother's house. [illegible] wears three marvelous rings upon his [illegible] —a cat's-eye set in hammered gold, a [illegible] cat's-eye, with two diamonds, and a [illegible] phire set with two diamonds. His [illegible] buttons are two pearls set in diam[illegible] and also a cat's-eye set in the same [illegible] cious stones. He has five dozen pai[illegible] silk hose, with his monogram upon th[illegible] and he has a cane in which is conceal[illegible] cologne fountain.

—A watch stolen from a San Franc[illegible] lady more than a year ago was retu[illegible] to her last week, the singular fact in [illegible] nection with its recovery being that it [illegible] sent back from China by some pe[illegible] there who had received it as a pre[illegible] but was not satisfied with its style.

DISAPPEARANCE OF THE SCHOOLMASTER.—It is the excessive amount of system in our wholesale methods of teaching that prevents the best results in any department. The pressure of quantity does not give the teacher time to mold character. Dr. Arnold himself could not have been Dr. Arnold if he had not been required by a board of education to teach the greatest possible amount of arithmetic and geography within a given time. It is probable that Dr. Arnold would have been considered wanting in the requirements of an American school teacher of the present day. It is certain he would have found himself hopelessly trammeled, as many an aspiring teacher finds himself trammeled, by the expectations of his employers. The teacher who would fain be less of a machine—who would like to take time to do some thorough training, and to develop the men and women of the future—gets no opportunity. He must bring the largest possible crop of arithmetic and geography at the end of the year; all his better work in building character will count for nothing with the "board." Then there are hobby-riders, seeking to drive into the already over-crowded course some special study. The arts of design are often useful in a business way, therefore drawing shall be universally exacted of the pupils. Music is charming at home, therefore the vocal teacher must have place. In one considerable city, a wealthy merchant in the board of education, who found telegraphy valuable in his own office, has succeeded in putting every boy and girl in the town to clicking telegraph keys.

But, no matter what is put into the course, it is rare that anything is taken out. The schoolmaster finds no place on which to stand. His individuality is utterly repressed. He is a mere clog-wheel in a great machine. He sinks down at last to the level mediocrity which machines always produce; he becomes a hearer of lessons, a marker of registers, a worker for examination week. It is not chiefly his fault that he does not do higher work. There is hardly space for it, and there is no market for it.—*Topics of the Time in the February Century.*

—Lieutenant Danenbower's dispatches to the *Herald* from Irkutsk confirm the previous report that the Jeannette was caught in the ice during September, 1879, and drifted for twenty-one months until she was finally crushed. The latitude of the scene of the wreck he gives as 76 deg. 15 min., whereas the first accounts made it 77 deg. 15 min. He states that three islands were discovered, and that the retreat was made over the ice to the Siberian Islands, and thence in boats to the Lena delta. A final detail which he gives adds to the horrors of the recital. The Jeannette's forefoot, which is the timber at the fore extremity of the keel upon which the lower end of the stem rests, was twisted from the 1st of January, 1880, so that the crew were at the pumps for eighteen months. They were drifting in utter helplessness at the mercy of the pack, and in a leaking ship. When the vessel was finally crushed and the agonizing struggle to reach the mainland hundreds of miles distant was begun, Lieutenant Danenhower himself was blind. The compensations for the terrible sufferings of the crew are meagre indeed. A high latitude has not been reached, and the three islands which have been discovered are probably of limited extent, as the distance between the Rodgers' furthest point west of Wrangell Island and the scene of the wreck is not very great, and Lieutenant Berry saw no indications of land in that quarter. The islands, which have been named Bennett, Jeannette and Henrietta, are probably an outlying group northeast of the New Siberian Islands. Wrangell Island is not mentioned in the dispatches. The ship was caught in the ice near Herald Island and must have drifted far to the north of the larger island. The Corwin and Rodgers have added in all likelihood more to geographical knowledge than the ill-fated Jeannette.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—Captain Milton P. Peirce, one of the Assistant U. S. Fish Commissioners, announces through the columns of the Germantown *Telegraph*, that having had occasional applications to address meetings of farmers and others interested in fish culture, but being too busy to comply at the time, has now, since the closing out of the season's fish distribution, sufficient leisure to engage in the delivery of a limited number of addresses for a few weeks to come. His only charge is his travelling expenses. His address is Wenonah, N. J.

—The Camden and Atlantic Railroad Company have ceased operating their May's Landing branch, which extended from Egg Harbor to May's Landing, a distance of six miles. The withdrawal of the trains on this branch has given rise to an effort to remove the seat of Atlantic county from May's Landing to either Atlantic City or Egg Harbor, notwithstanding the fact that several trains on the West Jersey Road stop daily at May's Landing.

—Irish potatoes are being imported in[illegible] a railway station at Ratisbon, in [illegible] varia. A peasant with a heavy sack o[illegible] his shoulder, made inquiries at the offic[illegible] in regard to the next train for a neigh[illegible] boring town. Hearing that he would b[illegible] obliged to wait more than an hour, he [illegible] placed his sack near the entrance to the baggage-room, lay down by its side, and fell asleep. Shortly thereafter a porter passed, and seeing the sack, grasped it and threw it, not very gently, on the scales in the room. A piercing shriek immediately issued from the sack, which on being opened, was found to contain the eight-year-old son of the peasant. The peasant had intended in this way to save passage money on his son, by stowing him away under his seat in the bag.

Sentiment put on ice: "How beautiful the dome of heaven this evening," said Angelica, as she leaned heavily on his arm. "The stars seem to look down upon us—." "Oh, yes," said practical John, "it's impossible for them to look up to us, you know. They cawn't." Sudden check to an evening's fill of most delightful sentimentality.—*New Haven Register.*

NEW AND NOTABLE.

—A Norristown barber has been fined for working on Sunday.

—The Rev. George W. Dunlap, a Western revivalist, has eloped with a fair Kentucky convert.

—The railroad ticket office at Doylestown was robbed of a sum of money and some tickets on Monday night.

—In most of the larger towns of Germany art classes have been established for mechanics. and are largely attended.

—The storm of Monday caused great damage to shipping along the coast of Massachusetts. No loss of life is yet reported.

—A Pawtucket hen picked up the $700 diamond out of a pin. It was found safely hidden in her crop, and she did not survive discovery.

—In France nowadays brides have very few dresses in their trousseaux, the current modes being so variable, but they have more material in the piece than formerly.

—Hanford, the conductor, and Melius, the brakeman, of the express train that was run into at Spuyten Duyvil by the Tarrytown special are reported to have been indicted.

—An old man at West Cheshire, Conn., has made all his property over to his wife, on condition that she gives him food, clothes, lodging, and one pint of good rum every day as long as he lives.

—Mr. and Mrs. Spurgeon devoted the $30,-000 presented to them at the recent anniversary of their wedding to the endowment of an orphanage for girls. They had already established one for boys.

—Some of the students of the Indiana College dressed up a gawky, long-haired comrade as Oscar Wilde, accompanied him on a lecturing visit to Crawfordville, and dined with an æsthetic villager.

—The Princess Louise is about to contribute to *Good Words* a series of drawings illustrative of Quebec and its surroundings. They are now being engraved, and will be published immediately, along with historical and descriptive notes, and a poem on Quebec by the Marquis of Lorne.

—The St. Petersburg police have issued an order forbidding the appearance of any actors or dancers on the stage of the theatres of the capital whose dresses have not previously been rendered incombustible by means of chlorate of lime. The same rule has been in force in Berlin for five years.

—The Auditors of Berks county are now engaged in a careful examination of the county accounts, covering the past ten years. It is believed that an alarming condition of affairs will be developed, and that the county debt, instead of $140,000, as reported, will be found to aggregate $250,000.

—A Philadelphian deserted his wife to go off with another woman. After being away a month, he wrote back that he was repentant, and would return if assured of a welcome. The wife replied: "Come home—you will be warmly received." And so he was—by the officer who was on hand to arrest him.

—Good musical entertainment is provided in Cleveland in a course of twelve concerts at ten cents each or a dollar for the dozen. The best local talent is engaged, and singers are sometimes brought from a distance; but the other expenses are kept down as low as possible, and the philanthropic managers are able to make both ends meet.

—Wendell Phillips, the Boston *Courier* says, remains closely at home this winter, having declined all lecture engagements. He will be obliged to leave his old home in the spring, as the extension of a street will render a demolition necessary. Mr. Phillips is constantly occupied in writing—possibly his promised autobiography.

—The failure of Mr. Thomas Hughes's Rugby colony is announced by the *Rugbean*, which says that the venture was "a fiasco almost before the echoes of applause over its beginning had died away." The location of the settlement in the wild mountains of Tennessee was unfortunate, and the men who joined it were not of a kind to hew success out of a forest.

—It is asserted that the nutritiousness of apples has never been properly appreciated and that they are far more nourishing than potatoes. Cornish workmen say that they can work better on baked apples than on potatoes. There is a dish in Cornwall called squab pie, made of mutton with slices of potato, apple, and onion, and, strange as it may seem to many, it is excellent. Cornwell is the county for meat pies, as the miners carry their dinners with them in that form.

—The Chicago *Herald* does not give Lawyer Scoville, Guiteau's brother-in-law, a very good character. It says of him that he is "a canting, exhorting hypocrite, who used religion to cloak the most detestable acts of private and professional dishonesty; a fleecer of widows and orphans; a betrayer of confidences; a lawyer whom the Courts had openly to rebuke for dishonesty; a holder of fiduciary trusts who wiped them away by shinning through the bankruptcy Courts. This is Scoville, Guiteau's brother-in-law."

—An Italian has invented a process for solidifying wine. From a small quantity of this extract may be obtained a bottle of generous wine of good taste and beautiful color. The object is to victual ships and supply armies. A chemist in Marseilles has found a chemical combination by which he can solidify and even crystallize brandy. The brandy in its new form looks like alum. It entirely loses its smell. The facility with which it can be transported is of course the main recommendation of the new invention.

—On Monday Mr. Scoville received from a Philadelphia firm, the owners of a process of arresting decay in meats, fruits and vegetables by subjecting them to a certain continuous even temperature in a refrigerating chest, a proposition to take Guiteau's body and subject it to this process in a chest with glass sides and exhibit it in this country and Europe, giving the relatives of the refrigerated corpse one-half of the proceeds. Mr. Scoville said: "I don't know but that is a better offer than the one I have just received from St. Louis, of $5,000 outright for the body. After to-day no further notice will be taken of any letters addressed to Guiteau. I shall take his mail every day and dump it unopened into the Potomac river. It will aid materially in filling up the Potomac flats, but beyond that it is of no earthly use, and I have no time to waste upon it."

—Fifty years ago no man considered himself well equipped for adventure and travel in the Far West who did not carry with him a Hawkins Rocky Mountain rifle. The maker of these trusty weapons, Samuel Hawking, is still alive and vigorous, though it is more than ninety years since he appeared in the world. His home is near St. Louis. He likes to talk about the old days and the famous record of his hand-made rifles—how Kit Carson carried one of them for years, and William Ashley shot a buffalo stone dead at 300 yards with another.

—A. J. Drexel, of Philadelphia, is one of the committee appointed to solicit subscriptions to a proposed monument to Daniel Webster, at Washington, make selection of artist, design and site.

—The prize bale of cotton, which was sold at auction at Atlanta for the benefit of the Michigan sufferers and started thence on a tour of the Western cities to be sold again and again for the same purpose, met with an unexpected rebuff in Chicago. The Secretary of the Board of Trade explained that the rules of that body forbade such charitable enterprises, and sent the bale to Toledo, as he had been requested to do. The gentleman in charge of the enterprise replied as follows: "We are exceedingly gratified to know that the Chicago Board of Trade has assumed such a high moral tone. We are also glad to be advised that the bale is on its way to Toledo, and as the minister said to the deacon to whom he had loaned his hat to take up a collection, 'we are mighty glad to get back that hat.'"

—Just after recess Monday afternoon, while a number of children were standing about the stove in a school room at Tarport, near Bradford, Pa., the janitor, a young German, attempted to quicken the fire by pouring crude oil into the stove. The flames communicated to a can containing oil, causing an explosion. The burning oil flew over the clothing of Dora Ford, Lizzie Cherry and Cora Sherid. Miss Ford was painfully burned about the breast and face, and the physician thinks she inhaled flame, and regards her case of a very grave character. The others were terribly burned about the shoulders and arms. All Miss Ford's clothing was consumed from her waist upward before the flames were subdued. The building narrowly escaped taking fire, as the children were terrified, and the teacher was in the rear of the room with her attention directed elsewhere.

—The famous Gold of Ophir rose tree on the Maddox farm in Eldorada county, Cal., was recently destroyed by a violent wind. Its stem was twenty-six inches in circumference, and the shrub itself had grown around an oak fifty feet high, stopping in its upward progress only because there was nothing upon which to climb higher. When in full bloom a splendid mass of golden flowers concealed the oak entirely from view with a blaze of glory which many persons have travelled far to see.

☞ One voice from all over the land goes up from mothers, that says: "My daughters are so feeble and sad, with no strength, all out of breath and life at the least exertion. What can we do for them? The answer is simple and full of hope. One to four weeks' use of Hop Bitters will make them healthy, sprightly, rosy and cheerful.

☞ Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done thousands of women more good than the medicines of many doctors. It is a positive cure for all female complaints. Send to Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham.

Given Up by the Doctors.

"Is it possible that Mr. Godfrey is up and at work, and cured by so simple a remedy?"

"I assure you it is true that he is entirely cured, and with nothing but Hop Bitters; and only ten days ago his doctors gave him up and said he must die."

"Well-a-day! That's remarkable! I will go this day and get some for my poor George. I know hops are good."

☞ F. H. DRAKE'S SUFFERINGS.—F. H. Drake, Esq., Detroit, Mich., suffered beyond all description from a skin disease, which appeared on his hands, head and face, and nearly destroyed his eyes. The most careful doctoring failed to help him, and after all had failed he used the Cuticura Resolvent (blood purifier) internally, Cuticura and Cuticura soap (the great skin cures) externally, and was cured, and has remained perfectly well to this day.

☞ Save money and buy your Headlight Oil, 150 test, for 18 cents per gallon, 5 cents per quart. At Peter Murphy's, No. 31 Franklin Street.

☞ For pure drugs go to Douglass' Pharmacy, 22 Dorrance street.

IN MEMORIAM.

EARLY CROWNED.

Died on Sunday evening, January 29th, 1882, Freddie Albert, second son of Captain George F. and Mary E. Tyler, aged 9 years, 11 months and 21 days.

This sad bereavement has fallen with a crushing weight of sorrow on the hearts of his parents and family, whose love for him was very great. His frank, open, loving disposition had won for him the love of all who knew him, and while they admired the rapidly unfolding intellect, they looked forward with bright hopes of his future usefulness. But alas, how soon has the bright vision vanished; and now as the days and weeks pass by, their hearts yearn for one look—one smile, that so gladdened their home in other days.

With but a few days sickness, he was taken from them that loved him so dearly, to a still happier home in heaven, and though so loathe to part with him, yet through their tears they can look up exclaiming,

"God knoweth best,
And so He took him home,
To endless rest."

J. S. Y

DIED.

LONGSHORE.—In Newtown, January 1st, 1882, Rachel Longshore, widow of the late Jacob R. Longshore, in her 85th year.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

WANTED.
$200 CASH. Good security. Address,
W. H. H., Bristol, P. O.

W. GRACE.
No. 76 Mill Street, Bristol,
WILL SELL TILL THE FIRST OF APRIL,
A LARGE STOCK OF
Wall Papers
AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES.
GOOD WHITE BACK PAPER TEN CENTS.

READ, THINK AND BELIEVE!!

The Little Giant
POCKET SCALES.

The Greatest Invention of the Age. Something for Everybody.

A new invention of rare merit, which must not be classed with the cheap, miserable affairs that are now flooding the country. "THE LITTLE GIANT POCKET SCALE," is a neat and useful article, which in time will throw all the old fogy scales and balances into the shade. They weigh ACCURATELY from one ounce to eight pounds. Carefully built and constructed by skillful workmen, they will give the best satisfaction wherever introduced. For beauty and workmanship they take the lead. Heavily plated with nickel silver, they cannot tarnish or rust. These scales are so small and portable that they can be easily carried in the vest pocket and occupies no more space than a small pocket knife. These scales are DURABLE, STRONG AND ACCURATE, and with ordinary usage will last a lifetime without getting out of order, as they are built upon an entirely new principle, which the inventor spent nearly two years in perfecting. They are pronounced by NED BUNTLINE, (E. Z. C. Judson,) and other leading American sportsmen to be *superior* to any scale heretofore imported from Europe, and they should be seen to be appreciated. Just the thing for Sportsmen, Trappers Hunters, Agents, Travellers, and Family use, in fact, "SOMETHING FOR EVERYBODY." No dealer in the world can give you a scale equal to the "LITTLE GIANT" for five times the price asked. The pattern is neatly constructed and finely finished. Every Scale we send out is in perfect order and are warranted so or money refunded every time. Satisfaction guaranteed in every case. These Scales are no "catch-penny" affair but something both good and useful to every person in the land.

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Everybody to sell these Scales in all sections of the country, as you will find them the fastest selling article on record. "BIG DISCOUNTS" are offered to agents, dealers and the trade. Our motto is "Live and Let Live," "Quick Sales and Small Profits." Circulars, terms, and full particulars sent free to any address. One sample Scale, put up in a neat case, sent by mail to any address on receipt of 50c. (3-cent postage stamps taken, or you can send a ONE DOLLAR BILL and we will send you three scales.) Address all orders to
C. B. THOMPSON, Sole Manufacturer, Bridgewater, Conn.

PHILADELPHIA.

The Very Busy Corner.

Thanks by the thousand to the excellent people who have sent us such loads of customers this year. Old friends are certainly remembering old friends.

Not in all the twenty-three years that the old corner has been a busy place, has it been busier than these days, when all our own manufactured goods are in such demand.

There may have been one or two busier times, such as the "Executor's Sale," but this winter is a good match of Oak Hall's best times, and the splendid stock we are now displaying surpasses those of past years.

Ask to see the $12 Heavy Skeleton Overcoat with fancy back. It is a great bargain.

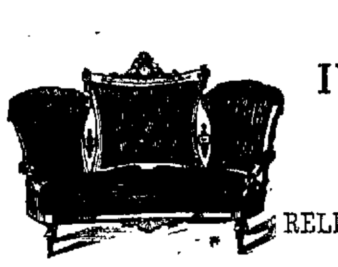
We expect to-day to have every part of our stock in complete condition.

IN THE MEN'S DEPARTMENTS,
IN THE BOYS' DEPARTMENTS,
IN THE CUSTOM DEPARTMENTS,
IN THE GENTS' FURNISHING DEPARTMENTS.

WANAMAKER & BROWN,
OAK HALL,
Sixth and Market.

The Largest Clothing House in America.

PHILADELPHIA.



IVINS & BROTHER,
MANUFACTURERS & DEALERS.
RELIABLE GOODS at REASONABLE PRICES.
FURNITURE AND BEDDING,
66 N. SECOND STREET, Near Arch,
PHILADELPHIA.

SELLING OFF! SELLING OFF!

Great chance for housekeepers and others to lay in needed goods at less than wholesale prices.

All colors zephyrs and wools, 7 cents per ounce; Hand made school hoods, 25 cents; Elegant dress goods, 8, 10, 13 cents per yard; Hair pins, 1 cent package; Best skirt braid, 4 cents; pins, 2 cents paper; pearl buttons, 3 and 4 cents a dozen; Kid gloves, 20 cents pair; Fine tumblers, 31 cents a dozen; Lamp chimneys, 3 cents; Glass sets, six pieces, 35 cents; Pie plates, 2 cents, or 20 cents a dozen; Castor bottles, 5 cents; Dinner plates, 4 and 5 cents; Fire shovels, 5 cents; Small spades, 25 cents, large steel axe, with handle, 70 cents; Wash basins, 5 and 10 cents; dust pans, 5 and 10 cents; Best white varnish, 37 cents per quart; Pure neats foot oil, 20 cents per quart; Wash powder, 10 cents dozen packs. Call early if you want the choice of bargains. Fine butter, 35 cents, splendid flavor Rio coffee, 16 cents. Everything at or nearly cost. No reasonable offers refused. Stock and fixtures for sale, and store to rent. WOOD'S CASH STORE, Bristol, Pa.

STATEMENT
OF THE
MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO.
OF NEW YORK.

F. S. WINSTON, PRESIDENT.

For the year ending December 31st, 1881

Income during Year 1881.

From Premiums	$12,196,621 62
" Interest and Rents	5,051,491 74
Total Income	$17,248,116 36

Disbursements during Year 1881.

For Death Claims	$4,460,205 97
" Matured Endowments	1,965,167 58
" Annuities	24,094 80
" Dividends	2,947,597 85
" Surrendered Policies	3,303,247 98
" Commissions	774,032 88
" Contingent Guarantee Account	201,564 35
" Taxes and Assessments	345,709 27
" Expenses	792,525 07
Total Disbursements	$14,757,913 69
Total Claims paid during the year	$6,365,373 49
Total paid Policy-holders during the year	12,640,112 12

Assets, January 1st, 1882.

Mortgages on Real Estate	$47,585,849 21
United States and other Bonds	19,222,630 00
Loans on Collaterals	16,615,000 00
Real Estate	7,502,749 01
Cash in Banks	1,792,017 73
Interest Accrued	1,223,017 64
Deferred Premiums	885,958 55
Premiums in Transit	98,437 76
Total Assets	$94,702,957 92

Liabilities, January 1st, 1882.

Reserve, at four per cent	$89,778,051 00
Death Claims not yet due	415,785 36
Premiums paid in advance	19,364 78
Agents' Balances	3,773 74
Surplus and Contingent Guarantee Fund	4,492,383 04
Total Liabilities	$94,702,957 92

Surplus, January 1st, 1882.

By Company's standard	$4,492,383 04
" By Massachusetts State standard	6,021,868 04
" By New York State standard	12,206,450 04

Insurance in force January 1st, 1882,
101,490 Policies, insuring $315,900,137.

CHARLES E. SCOTT,
AGENT,
Bristol, Pa.
BATES & LAMBERT,
GENERAL AGENTS,
Philadelphia, Pa.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the Court of Common Pleas of Bucks county, under the Act of Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, entitled "An Act to provide for the incorporation and regulation of certain corporations," approved April 29th, 1874, for the charter of an intended corporation to be called "FAIRVIEW CEMETERY," located in Bristol township, Bucks county, Pa. The character and objects of said corporation are: To bury the dead, to acquire and hold real and personal property, to erect and maintain a chapel and such other buildings as may be necessary for said cemetery, and lay out, improve and sell such lots of land belonging to said corporation as are necessary for burial purposes.

B. F. GILKESON, Solicitor.

February 2, 1882.

DR. THOMAS,
COLTON DENTAL ASSOCIATION
NITROUS OXIDE GAS.

DR. THOMAS makes a specialty of extracting teeth absolutely without pain by the aid of Nitrous Oxide. Over 80,500 persons have successfully inhaled the gas at his office
912 Walnut Street, (South Side),
Philadelphia

WANTED!—A LOOM BOSS, AND FAMILIES of Weavers, at CALCUTTA MILLS, Frankford, Pa. Paid every week in cash.

PERSONAL INSURANCE
OF
Every Safe and Desirable Kind,
IN THE
TRAVELERS
LIFE AND ACCIDENT
INSURANCE COMPANY,
HARTFORD, CONN.

Paid-up Cash Capital, - $600,000
Every dollar of which is pledged for payment of Policies
Solid Cash Assets, - $5,854,000
Total Liabilities, - 4,418,000
Surplus to Policy-holders, 1,436,000

LIFE AND ENDOWMENT POLICIES,
Of all safe and desirable forms, on the Low-Rate, All-Cash, Stock Plan. No notes or "dividends," and no disappointed expectations. Contract definite, valid claims promptly paid.
Claims paid in Life Department, over $1,800,000.

GENERAL ACCIDENT POLICIES,
Covering death or wholly disabling injury by accident, are written at short notice, for a month or a year. More than 60,000 claims have been paid. Combined Life and Accident Policy, (regular Life with weekly indemnity for disabling casualty,) at less than Mutual rates for a Life Policy alone.
Amount Accident Claims Paid, $4,600,000

COST OF YEARLY ACCIDENT POLICY.

Amount Insured	Weekly Indemnity	Annual Premium: Class Pref'd.	Cl's Ex Pref'd	Class Ord'y.	Class Medium
$1,000	$5 00	$5 00	$6 00	$7 50	$10 00
2 000	10 00	10 00	12 00	15 00	20 00
3 000	15 00	15 00	18 00	22 50	[illegible]
5 000	25 00	25 00	30 00	37 50	50 00
10 000	50 00	50 00	60 00	75 00	——

Preferred Class includes Clergymen, Editors, Lawyers, Merchants, Clerks, Bankers, Book-keepers, Teachers, etc.

Extra Preferred Class includes Commercial Agents, Traveling Men, Book Agents, Insurance Adjusters, etc.

Ordinary Class includes Architects, Glaziers, Printers, Shoemakers, Railroad Superintendents, Machinists, Operatives in Woolen Mills, etc.

Medium Class includes Passenger Conductors, Carpenters, Blacksmiths, Farmers, Butchers, Stage Drivers, etc.

More hazardous employments at proportionate rates.

☞ For a policy, apply in person or by letter to Jesse O. Thomas, Agent, Bristol, Pa.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

JAMES G. BATTERSON, HUGH HARRISON,
GUSTAVUS F. DAVIS, C. M. HOLBROOK,
JAMES L. HOWARD, GEORGE M. PULLMAN,
MARSHALL JEWELL, NATHANIEL SAIPMAN,
CORNELIUS B. ERWIN, NATHANIEL HALL,
EZRA H. BAKER, RODNEY DENNIS,
GEORGE W. MOORE, HENRY P. STEARNS,
EBENEZER ROBERTS, WM B. CLARK,
AUSTIN C. DUNHAM.

JAMES G. BATTERSON, President.
G. F. DAVIS, Vice President
RODNEY DENNIS, Secretary,
JOHN E. MORRIS, Assistant Secretary,
GEORGE ELLIS, Actuary,
EDWARD V. PRESTON, Superintendent of Agencies.
J. B. LEWIS, M.D., Surgeon and Adjuster.
WM. J. LEWIS, M. D., Consulting Surgeon.
G. P. DAVIS, M. D., Medical Examiner.
J. G. WOODWARD, R. W. FARMER, Auditors.

JESSE O. THOMAS, Agent,
BRISTOL, PA.

ORPHANS' COURT SALE.

Pursuant to an order of the Orphans' Court of Bucks County, will be sold at public sale, on the premises, in Bristol Borough, in said county, on

SATURDAY, Feb. 4, '82,

the following described real estate, late of Theodore Freeman, deceased. That certain messuage and lot of land situate on the northeast side of Race St., bounded by lands of James McIlvaine and Thomas Follen, having a front upon Race street of seventy feet, with a depth of about one hundred and fifty feet.

The improvements consist of a frame dwelling house 12 by 15 feet, with one room on the first floor, and one above. A small frame shop stands on the rear of the premises.

Sale to commence at 2 o'clock P. M. Conditions made known at sale by

JOHN C. STUCKERT.
Administrator.

WM. KINSEY, Auctioneer.

FARMERS' NATIONAL BANK
OF
BUCKS COUNTY.
BRISTOL, PA., 1 mo. 10th, 1882

At an election held [illegible] the following named persons were duly elected Directors of this Bank for the ensuing year: Caleb N. Taylor, Anthony Swain, Pierson Mitchell, Edward Thomas, Charles Moon, Louis A. Hoguet, Ellwood Burton, John P. Agnew and John Burton.

At a subsequent meeting of the Board, Caleb N. Taylor was unanimously elected President.

CHARLES T. IREDELL, Cashier

APPLES FOR SALE.

Canada Baldwins, 32 cents per half peck, Canada Greenings, 30 cents per half peck; Canada Snow Apples, 28 cents per half peck; York State Baldwins, 30 cents per half peck; York State Greenings, 27 cents per half peck; York State Seeks, 25 cents per half peck; Bucks County Ridge Pippins, 20 cents per half peck. Also extra Cranberries, Asparagus in cans; Sap Sago Cheese, Chicken in cans. These are all fresh goods, just received. EDWARD H. FOSTER, Dorrance Street Cash Grocer.

TO RENT.

A desirable residence, No. 50 Bath Street, recently fitted up in first-class order—papered, painted and gas. A good well of water, large garden, choice fruit, &c. Will be rented with, or without furniture to a small family, for one year, at low rent. Inquire of, or address

WM. C. HENDRICKSON,
Bristol, Pa.

FOR HIGH CONSTABLE,
CHARLES SAXTON.

FOR RENT.

House No. 32 Wood Street, Bristol, Pa. Rent, Six Dollars per month. Key No. 77 Wood Street.
JAMES DAY, Holmesburg,
23d Ward, Phila.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

ODDS AND ENDS.

"My ex-wife," Guiteau's way of speaking of his sundered tie. Ere long she may retaliate with "my executed husband."—*Philadelphia Press.*

"Whoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also," is a Biblical expression. In modern parlance it is termed a "reversible cuff."

An editorial notice of a woman's grocery store reads as follows "Her tomatoes are as red as her own cheeks, her indigo is as blue as her own eyes; and her pepper is as hot as her own temper."

There is a demand for the coinage of half-cent pieces. We suspect the object of this movement is to enable benevolent gentlemen like the Hon. W. H. English to contribute for charitable purposes.

Prof. Huxley says that those who have taken an active part in science should be killed at sixty, as not being flexible enough to yield to the advance of new ideas He is himself nearly fifty-seven.

"Oh, Mrs. Ramsbotham," exclaimed a learned professor, to whom that excellent lady had been relating one of her most extraordinary adventures, "Oh, Mrs. Ramsbotham, you must be joking!" "Indeed, I'm not, professor," she returned. "I assure you I was speaking quite seriatum." She liked to talk Latin to a professor

Eleven English judges have been considering the question whether a man who merely looks on at a prize fight as a spectator can be convicted of aiding and abetting the performance. The defendant asserted that he was wholly innocent of any intent to encourage a prize fight. Seeing two men stripped, he thought they were going to run a race. At this one of the judges inquired: "What! a race around the ring?"

Maryland maintains a little navy to enforce her laws relating to the oyster fisheries, and Chesapeake Bay is mapped with imaginary boundary lines, the wrongful crossing of which it is the duty of the oyster police to prevent. That these officials are active is indicated by the fact that several dredgers are killed or wounded every season, and the county jails along the shore are frequently crowded with captured offenders.

Maryland and West Virginia have an unsettled dispute of long standing, involving the right to half a million acres of fertile land. Charles II. made a grant in 1639 of a large tract "bounded on the north by the Potomac." There are two branches of the river, and the northern one was taken as the line which became the boundary of the States but Maryland has never given up her claim, and a new attempt is now being made to get the territory.

Mr. Blankit sat looking at the baby, trying to think of the usual idiotic, unnecessary and unmeant things that people say about about new babies, and at last, in a spirit of originality, remarked that "the baby had its father's complexion." Then they all sat and looked at the rich cardinal hues that made the wrinkled countenance of the unconscious infant glow like a mountain sunset, and nobody said anything until a feeble voice from an adjoining room remarked, "It was a good thing the baby had it naturally, then, as it required about fifteen years steady practice and co-operation of three scientific clubs and five political campaigns to acquire it." Then a sad quiet stole over the room again, only broken by a hard breathing from the baby's father, looking at the thermometer to see what time it was, while Mr. Blankit, feeling that he could add nothing to what had already been said, crept down stairs, softly whispering to himself about some fool, but the company could not catch the name and didn't know whom he meant.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

American Salmon.—While English farmers, cattle breeders and dairymen are complaining that American breadstuffs, beef, cheese and butter are forestalling their market, a voice to join the chorus comes from the salmon rivers of Scotland. A single river in this country, the Columbia, of Oregon, supplies more salmon than all the rivers of the United Kingdom put together, the catch in the one being estimated at over 1,500,000 a season, while it is only 1,000,000 for all the latter. Moreover, the Columbia salmon are larger. One fish of eighty-four pounds is mentioned that filled sixty-four cans. The heaviest weight recorded of a Scotch salmon is seventy pounds. The Columbia river is only one among the many salmon streams of this country, and through the operations of Fishery Commissioners salmon have been introduced in many streams where they had not been known. There is now a loud demand abroad for the increase of the salmon fisheries there by means of artificial breeding.—*N. Y. Sun.*

The Pointing Instinct.—Pointing game, which is a characteristic of certain breeds of sporting dogs, originated, according to some writers, in the pause which wild animals make before springing upon their prey. Such writers claim that originally the dog in a state of nature followed the trail, and when near enough for a spring crouched after the manner of the cat tribe, and this natural pause was by education prolonged into the staunch point necessary when the dog became the sportman's field companion. Though some ground can be shown for this theory, it is rendered at least doubtful by certain facts. In the first place, wild dogs do not crouch or spring in this way, but run their game down, or surround it and dash at it as a domesticated dog goes at a bull. The wolf, too, which, according to some authorities, is the ancestor of the dog, hunts in the same manner, though, with the cunning which nature teaches, he will often, when in pursuit of game too speedy for him, lie *perdu* till the victim comes near enough to render a spring or short dash effective. The fox, to whom other naturalists trace back canine descent, pursues more cat-like tactics, and thus supports the theory I have alluded to—yet it appears to me if this pause was the undeveloped point, all breeds of dogs would have retained it equally well, so long as it was only an uneducated instinct, since all dogs without doubt sprung from one common source, though accident or the influences of climate and section have since divided them into different varieties. It is reasonable to suppose that domestication affected nearly equally all dogs subjected to the same influences, and as we have no proof that any one race was kept or used in manner calculated to make it retain the original instinct longer than others, we can hardly see why this should suddenly have come to the surface as soon as needed for field work. Ancient writers speak of "setting spaniels," which were employed by netters before guns were used, and taught to crouch when they came to birds, that the net might be drawn over them. It is so well known that acquired habits often make so deep an impression upon the individual that he will transmit them to his descendants, and such dogs might easily in time have so taken to the crouch associated with the scent of game, that it would appear as a natural trait in their progeny. To mere education I think we can trace the point of to-day.—*London Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News.*

VALUE OF FORESTS.

It is not alone because of the growing scarcity of timber that the destruction of our forests, particularly in the thickly settled sections of the east, is to be deprecated. It has long been a popular belief that forests exercise a decidedly favorable influence on climate and the water supply, and this belief is fully sanctioned by the results of a series of experiments recently made by certain distinguished French scientists In the last issue of the *American Naturalist* Dr. J. M. Anders gives an interesting summing up of the latest researches on the subject. Forests influence the atmosphere mainly by their effect on its general humidity. An evaporation of moisture from both earth and trees takes place constantly. The evaporation is greater from open soil than from woodland, but the difference is far more than made up by what is called "transpiration" of leaves of the trees. The quantity of insensible vapor that is given off through leaves is immense, amounting to one and a-quarter ounce to the square foot of leaf surface. Painstaking experiment has enabled those studying the matter to make an approximate estimate of the comparative amounts of vapor given off by earth surface and leaf surface. They have calculated that a square foot of soil sets free about six times as much moisture as a square foot of leaf. The leaf surface is, however, many times greater than the soil surface—twelve times greater, the scientists put it—so that twice as much evaporation takes place from forest as from open land. When the wood of the country is cut away, therefore, other things being equal, two-thirds of the moisture-giving material of the atmosphere is gone with it. Hence the long and fearful droughts on lands bare of trees. Commenting upon the life reviving exhalation from trees, the *Naturalist* writer says.

"What an harmonious adaptation of means to an end does nature exhibit here—plant life atomizing tons and tons of watery vapor into the surrounding medium, even during time of drought, and this same vapor in turn protecting luxuriant vegetation from the evil consequences of terrestrial radiation. Moist air during winter tends to moderate extreme cold, during the summer, on the contrary, it tends to cool the draughts; hence forests by moistering the air in summer give us cool and delightful breezes; another means by which forests affect extremes of temperature."

Forests moisten the air all about them. They create abundant dews, and dews play no small part part in forwarding vegetation. In the dryest seasons dew still refreshes the parched earth. Another benefit, and not the least to be considered in our bleak New England climate, is the good service belts of woodland do in protecting vegetation from storms and icy winds. It is very common now for enlightened farmers in the west and northwest to plants dense rows of trees and hedges of evergreen along the northern line of their orchards and grounds. The facts so far ascertained with certainty, are themselves, without an additional word, a sufficient comment on the ruinous folly that lays the ax of destruction at the root of our forest trees. They also point to the need of immediate forest planting in localities where a sufficient amount of woodland does not already exist. The proper proportion of woodland to the open is said to be from twenty five to thirty per cent.

A Miner's Ingenuity.—James McGlynn, a miner in the Hallenback Colliery, at Wilkesbarre, Pa., has found recreation and amusement during the spare time of the past nine years in the construction of an elaborate clock. As described by a reporter of the New York *Times*, the clock stands about nine feet high, and is incased in an elaborately carved case of black walnut, consisting of 406 pieces of perfect finish. Each of these pieces was turned in the mine by the enthusiastic miner with a tool that would make a cabinet maker smile, being nothing less than a broken saw file.

In addition to the 400 turned pieces in black walnut, which comprise the framework of the clock, it has 63 moving figures, actuated by machinery, so deftly arranged as to produce interesting historical and biblical scenes. It is the intention of the miner-mechanic to make the number of figures a hundred as soon as his means, which are rather limited, shall afford such an additional outlay.

The front of the clock shows three balconies, rising about a massive and elegantly carved pedestal and upon these the moving figures appear. The lower balcony shows a procession of Continental soldiers, headed by a mounted general and marching past, while the old Liberty Bell proclaims its welcome notes of freedom. A sentinel salutes the Continentals as they pass, and just at the moment a door is opened from an upper balcony and reveals Molly Pitcher, with her cannon, which she fires with startling and realistic effect. To show how well the maker of the clock has considered the details of his handiwork, he has placed a small revolving fan in the clock, to be actuated after the firing of Molly's cannon for the purpose of clearing out the powder smoke. Simultaneous with this the portraits of the twenty Presidents of the United States pass in panoramic view on a balcony just above the patriotic tableau, of which Molly Pitcher is the central figure, and Thomas Jefferson holds up the Declaration of Independence. The apostolic procession is similar to those hitherto seen in such clocks. The Twelve Apostles file past, Satan appears, and the cock crows in warning to Peter. A figure of justice raises her scales as the form of Christ appears, and during the scene a large representation of Death tells off the minutes upon a bell. When one sees the clock, the tools with which it was made, and hears the miner's story of how he bought the wood for it bit by bit as he could afford from his spare change, he is sensibly impressed with human possibilities. The figures used in the biblical and historical illustrations were cast by McGlynn in moulds of his own design, and there is very little in the entire clock that did not come from his hands. Now that it is finished he scarcely knows what to do with it.

An innocent little creature: "There, child," said grandmother, "you mustn't be vain: don't stand there at the mirror admiring your dimpled cheeks. Dimples are pretty enough, no doubt; but they will change to wrinkles one of these days." Little Edith turned from the glass, with just a suspicion of a pout on her rosy lips. She sat silent for a moment: then looking up she said: "Grandma, what a lot of dimples you must have had when you were a little girl—all over your face, wa'n't they, grandma?"—*Boston Transcript.*

[Wausau Central Wisconsin.]

☞ Being asked concerning the Oil, Mr. Aug. Kickbusch informed the questioner that St. Jacob's Oil had proved an excellent and most useful remedy in every family that had used it. A large majority of cases pronounced incurable have been entirely cured.

[Mt. Clemens (Mich.) True Record.]

☞ W. T. Lee. Esq., of this paper, says: "Being convinced of the efficacy of St. Jacob's Oil in curing rheumatism, I have no hesitancy in recommending it."

Shipping at San Francisco.—A correspondent of the *Tribune*, writing from San Francisco, under date of December 18, says: It is a fine sight to see the wheat fleet lying at anchor here, or taking on cargoes at the wharves. There are ninety vessels now in port. They are the finest specimens of naval architecture aboat, at least among sailing vessels, and are of many different types. The handsomest are undoubtedly the oak ships lately built in New England. These vessels have very tall and slender spars and long yards, graceful hulls, and a style that elicits admiration at sight. No handsomes vessels are ever seen here that than such ships as the Samaria, the A. J. Fuller, the Harvey Mills, and their sisters from the down-east yards. The British iron clippers come next. They are very seldom of large size. They average about 1,100 tons register. Along with the great ships in port here there are seen many smaller ones of Pacific coast construction which are as well worth looking at as any The Pacific coast lumber schooner is the most beautiful craft of its rig in the whole country. The builders have made the evolution of this craft a speciality. They are as a rule keel schooners. The fore foot is cut away under the water like that of a yacht. The fore body is long and sharp, and the after body short and full, but with hollow water lines. The stern is elliptical and broad, and the top sides fall lower from amidships away off with a grace, seldom, if ever, seen in a schooner on the Atlantic coast, and not often matched in a yacht. These schooners are often loaded down until the water runs over the deck; but whether light or loaded they make remarkably fast trips. With all their speed, they have an astonishing amount of stability, and they cruise along the coast northwards, on the return voyages, for lumber, without a pound of ballast or freight in them, carrying every yard of convas there is in their outfit. When vessels of this model are put into the wheat trade the famous clipper of the olden times will certainly be surpassed for beauty and possibly for speed. There are eight hundred vessels now owned in the district of San Francisco, and a majority of them are of this class and model.

A Repentant Young Lady.—"At the Gerster opera last night," he said, awakening the curiosity of all to see how he could make a lie out of anything that had happened so near home and so recently. "I saw a young man who had just put up $9.50 of his $10 salary to take his girl. It was his misfortune to sit just behind an elderly lady who wore one of the big hats so affected at present by dames over thirty years of age. During the first act the young man twisted his collar loose in the effort to see around that hat. All in vain. He heard the sounds of vocal music, and the interest evinced by neighbors with lorgnettes indicated that persons were moving about on the stage. But that was all he saw. Presently the lady looked around to see how the Smith girls were dressed, and noticed the young man's distress. 'Oh, sir,' she said, as tears came into her eyes, 'I am so young and giddy that I did not think of your pleasure at first,' and she removed her hat and laid it on the floor, so that the young man could see the stage."—*Louisville Letter.*

Of the thirty inebriate asylums established in this country during the past twenty-five years, but four have gone out of existence. Some people look on them as having a sanitary value, while others regard them as convenient lock-ups for inconvenient relatives.

The electric light is to be tried in Bristol, England, and the tidal motion of the Avon and the Severn is to provide the necessary motive power.

Lone Jack, Mo., Sept. 14, 1879.

I have been using Hop Bitters, and have received great benefit from them for liver complaint and malarial fever. They are superior to all other medicines.

P. M. BARNES.

Anna Dickinson has given us her representation of Hamlet, but was not entirely successful. No doubt Hamlet's father's ghost was pretty badly scared when he saw Hamlet in the person of an aggressive American woman.—*Tacony New Era.*

In Each and Every Instance.

Wilmington, Del., Aug. 13, 1881.

H. H. Warner & Co.: Sirs—As a physician I have recommended and prescribed your Safe Kidney and Liver Cure for persons afflicted with kidney trouble, and in each and every instance they were cured. Alfred Walton, M. D.

☞ If people who are troubled with colds would make use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral before attending church or public lectures, they would avoid coughing, and the comfort of hearers and speaker would be greatly promoted. The Pectoral enables public speakers to speak clearly and without fatigue, having an immediate and wonderful effect in incresing the power and flexibility of the voice.

☞ On Thirty Days' Trial.—We will send Dr. Dye's Celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belts and other Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days to young men and older persons who are afflicted with Nervous Debility, Lost Vitality, etc., guaranteeing speedy relief and complete restoration of vigor and manhood. Also for Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Paralysis, Liver and Kidney difficulties, Ruptures, and many other diseases. Illustrated pamphlet sent free. Address Voltaic Belt Co., Marshall, Mich.

MISCELLANEOUS.

TRUTH ATTESTED.

SOME IMPORTANT STATEMENTS OF WELL KNOWN PEOPLE WHOLLY VERIFIED.

In order that the public may fully realize the genuineness of the statements, as well as the power and value of the article of which they speak, we publish herewith the fac-simile signatures of parties whose sincerity is beyond question. The truth of these testimonials is absolute, nor can the facts they announce be ignored.

Phillipsburg, N. J., June 18, 1881.

Messrs. H. H. Warner & Co—:

Gentlemen—I have been afflicted with kidney troubles for years, and in October last it culminated in Bright's Disease. I was confined to my bed for several months, and had given up all hope or desire to recover, when I began the use of your Remedy. It gave me immediate relief, and I am now, and have been since the 1st of April, constantly engaged at my business, which I owe to your Safe Kidney and Liver Cure. The doctors all thought I was going to die, and when I improved so fast, several of the neighbors called in wonder to see me, and many of my friends are using your remedies.

Brig Genl C. A. Heckman

Commander of Heckman's Star Brigade of New Jersey.

Rochester, N. Y., Jan 5, 1881.

H. H. Warner & Co., Rochester, N. Y.:

Gentlemen: Having received from the use of Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure very marked benefit, I can cordially recommend it to others.

A. C. Kendrick

(D. D., Professor of Greek in the Rochester University and New Testament reviser).

Thousands of equally strong endorsements—many of them in cases where hope was abandoned—have been voluntarily given, showing the remarkable power of Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure, in all diseases of the kidneys, liver or urinary organs. If any one who reads this has any physical trouble, remember the great danger of delay.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ST. JACOBS OIL

TRADE MARK.

THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY.

FOR

RHEUMATISM,

Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Soreness of the Chest, Gout, Quinsy, Sore Throat, Swellings and Sprains, Burns and Scalds, General Bodily Pains, Tooth, Ear and Headache, Frosted Feet and Ears, and all other Pains and Aches.

No Preparation on earth equals St. Jacobs Oil as a *safe, sure, simple* and *cheap* External Remedy. A trial entails but the comparatively trifling outlay of 50 Cents, and every one suffering with pain can have cheap and positive proof of its claims.

Directions in Eleven Languages.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS IN MEDICINE.

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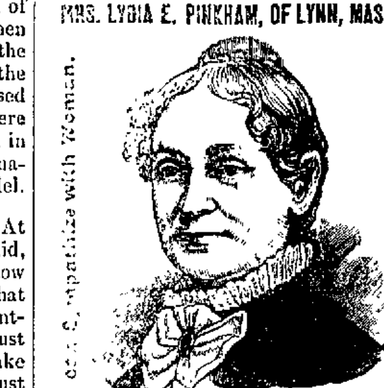
Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

MRS. LYDIA E. PINKHAM, OF LYNN, MASS.,



LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

Is a Positive Cure

for all those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best female population.

It will cure entirely the worst form of Female Complaints, all ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and the consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life.

It will dissolve and expel tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development. The tendency to cancerous humors there is checked very speedily by its use.

It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion.

That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use.

It will at all times and under all circumstances act in harmony with the laws that govern the female system.

For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex this Compound is unsurpassed.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND is prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price $1. Six bottles for $5. Sent by mail in the form of pills, also in the form of lozenges, on receipt of price, $1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Send for pamphlet. Address as above. *Mention this Paper.*

No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS. They cure constipation, biliousness and torpidity of the liver. 25 cents per box.

☞ Sold by all Druggists. ☜

A.—BEATTY'S PIANOFORTES—MAGNIFICENT holiday presents, square grand pianofortes, four very handsome round corners, rosewood cases, three unisons, Beatty's matchless iron frames, stool, book, cover, boxed, $222 75 to $297 50-catalogue prices, $800 to $1,000; satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded after one year's use; upright pianofortes, $125 to $255; catalogue prices, $500 to $800, standard pianofortes of the universe, as thousands testify, write for mammoth list of testimonials; Beatty's cabinet organs, cathedral, church, chapel, parlor, $30 upward: visitors welcome; free carriage meets trains; illustrated catalogue (holiday edition) free. Address or call upon DANIEL F. BEATTY, WASHINGTON, New Jersey.

DIVORCE NOTICE.

In the Court of Common Pleas of Bucks County. Catharine L. Pettit by her next friend Horatio M. Stewart vs. George E. Pettit. No. 6. February Term, 1882. Pluries Sub sur Divorce.

To George E. Pettit, the above named Respondent, Sir: You are hereby required to appear at the next Term of the Court of Common Pleas of Bucks county, to be holden at Doylestown on the Sixth day of February, A. D., 1882, and answer the complaint of the above named Libellant. SAMUEL L. ELY, Sheriff of Bucks County.

December 22, 1881.

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Fruit Growers.

THE EAGLE PRUNER!

A recently patented invention, is a superior implement for light pruning. It is very simple in construction, light, easily worked, rapid and efficient in execution. Large sales are predicted for it. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send for circular. AGENTS WANTED. Address **American Pruning Co., Fitchburg, Mass.**

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Gold. Great chance to make money. Those who always take advantage of the good chances for making money that are offered generally become wealthy, while those who do not improve such chances remain in poverty. We want many men, women, boys, and girls to work for us right in their own localities. Any one can do the work properly from the first start The business will pay more than ten times ordinary wages. Expensive outfit furnished free. No one who engages fails to make money rapidly. You can devote your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. Full information and all that is needed sent free. Address Stinson & Co., Portland, Me.

Best business now before the public. You can make money faster at work for us than at anything else, capital not needed; we will start you; $12 a day and upwards made at home by the industrious. Men, women, boys and girls wanted everywhere to work for us, now is the time! You can work in spare time only or give your whole time to the business. You can live at home and do the work. No other business will pay you nearly as well. No one can fail to make enormous pay by engaging at once. Costly outfit and terms free. Money made fast, easily and honorably. Address True & Co., Augusta, Maine.

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$777 A YEAR and expenses to agen Outfit free. Address P. O. Vic ery, Augusta, Me.

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of JOSEPH L. STACKHOUSE, deceas late of Bristol Township. All persons indebted said estate are requested to make immediate p ment, and those having legal claims against same are desired to present them in proper or for settlement, without delay to

JOHN BURTON,
ELWOOD BURTON, } Executo

Or B. F. GILKESON, Attorney.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Vol. V., 1882.

THE SANITARY ENGINEER.

The recognized authority on all matters relating to Public Health, Food and Drug Adulteration, Drainage and Water Supply, Steam and Hot Water Heating, Plumbing and Gas Fitting, Gas and Electric Lighting, Heating and Ventilation.

Questions on any of these subjects will be answered in the columns of the SANITARY ENGINEER, free of charge.

The opinions of this journal upon all technical subjects are either prepared or revised by specialists.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

Our excellent technical cotemporary The Sanitary Engineer, bye the bye, is hereafter to be published weekly, a token of prosperity that is especially gratifying as a proof of public appreciation of the very useful work which our contemporary has done for the public.—*New York World.*

This journal has become the leading authority in this country upon sanitary questions.—*Ohio Medical Journal.*

The Sanitary Engineer shows an excellent appreciation of what may be done in the field of sanitary engineering, and a practical capability for doing it.—*New York Tribune.*

The excellent paper published in this city, and called the Sanitary Engineer, might add to its title that of Practical Philanthropist, for such it proves itself to be in its constant and clear exposure of the wrongs and dangers of many of our domestic and municipal arrangements.—*Harper's Weekly.*

Prof. Chandler, when delivering a popular and most telling lecture on Sanitation, lately at the Cooper Institute, advised his hearers to subscribe to the Sanitary Engineer, a publication devoted to sanitation in all its phases. It contains the best thoughts of the best trained Sanitarians of the period.—*Congregationalist.*

Mr. John Walter, of the London *Times*, has addressed a letter to the editor of the Sanitary Engineer, of this city, requesting an opinion as to the system of ventilating sewers by perforations or open gratings in the streets. The compliment paid to American sanitary engineering by Mr. Walter's letter, is most flattering; but that it is deserved will not be questioned by those familiar with the merits of the authority Mr. Walter, consulted.—*New York Com'l Advertiser.*

THE SANITARY ENGINEER, is for sale by all newsdealers in the United States and Canada. Single Copies Seven Cents. Terms, Three Dollars per year, in advance, postage paid. Published every Thursday at 140 Williams Street, New York.

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Pullman Sleepers on all Night Trains.

Insist upon Ticket Agents selling you Tickets via this road. Examine your Tickets, and refuse to buy if they do not read over the Chicago & North-Western Railway.

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MARVIN HUGHITT, 2d V. P. & Gen'l Mang'r, Chicago

Ayer's Cathartic Pills,

For all the Purposes of a Family Physic,

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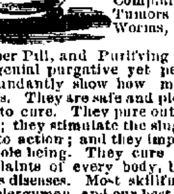

Costiveness, Jaundice, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Dysentery, Foul Stomach and Breath, Headache, Erysipelas, Piles, Rheumatism, Eruptions and Skin Diseases, Billiousness, Liver Complaint, Dropsy, Tetter, Tumors and Salt Rheum, Worms, Gout, Neuralgia,

as a Dinner Pill, and Purifying the Blood, are the most congenial purgative yet perfected. Their effects abundantly show how much they excel all other Pills. They are safe and pleasant to take, but powerful to cure. They purge out the foul humors of the blood; they stimulate the sluggish or disordered organs into action; and they impart health and tone to the whole being. They cure not only the every day complaints of every body, but formidible and dangerous diseases. Most skillful physicians, most eminent clergymen, and our best citizens, send certificates of cures performed, and of great benefits derived from these Pills. They are the safest and best physic for children, because mild as well as effectual. Being sugar coated, they are easy to take; and being purely vegetable, they are entirely harmless.

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DR. J. C. AYER & CO. Lowell, Mass.,

Practical and Analytical Chemists.

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The great scientific preparation will positively cure old, chronic cases of Dyspepsia, Dyspeptic Fits, Dyspeptic Vertigo, where every known medicine has failed to give relief. I refer to a few of the cases pronounced incurable that have been cured with

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Whoever you are, whenever you feel that your system needs cleansing, toning or stimulating, without intoxicating, take Hop Bitters.

Thousands die annually from some form of Kidney disease that might have been prevented by a timely use of Hop Bitters.

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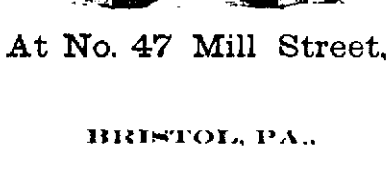

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